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ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

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Note on item (4)

Although the title-page bears the imprint '1739', this issue must date from 1742, in which year, on 12 March, Arne's The Judgment of Paris was performed for the first time, forming an after-piece to Alexander's Feast. (Information from Professor Brian Trowell). This performance of Alexander's Feast is not mentioned in O.E. Deutsch, Handel: a documentary biography.

The signatures and pagination of The Judgment of Paris in this copy follow consecutively those of Alexander's Feast, and it appears that the Tonsons' printer either used up some old stock of the first libretto remaining from 1739, and went on to add the second with additional signatures and pagination; or, in setting up the text anew, neglected to change the date from that on the old copy from which he was working.

W.S. 1976

LL
RCMA 352261

A Collection of the

Books of Words

of the

Oratorios and other Compositions of

George Frederic Handel,

Published for Performances given during his life,

or shortly after his decease.

Volume 1.

This Collection is formed by the union of two collections made by Mr. Thomas Brewer, Honorary Secretary; and Mr. William Henry Husk, Librarian to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and by them presented to the Society's Library in August 1855.

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Volume 1.

Acis and Galatea, and Song for St. Cecilia's day. London ... n. d. 1

(differing from the preceding) ..... London ... n. d. 2

Alexander Balus ..... London ... 1748 3

Alexander's Feast, (with Lines to Handel, and a Preface,) and Arne's Judgment of Paris ... London .. 1739. 4

Alexander's Feast ..... London .. 1751. 5

Alexander's Feast, and the Coronation Anthems ... (published by Tonson) ..... London ... n. d 6

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L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso, and Song for St. Cecilia's day ..... London .. n. d 8

L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso, and Anthem, Ps. 51 ... London n. d. 9

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——— . . . . . London 1756

——— . . . . . London n. d.

——— . . . . . London 1775.

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——— (with new additions) . . . . . London 1757.

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Israel in Egypt . . . (in 3 parts, the first part consisting of the Funeral Anthem.) . . . . London, 1740

——— (in 3 parts, the introduced part, chiefly taken from Solomon) . . . . London, 1756

——— (with different introductions) London 1765

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Volume 2.

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——— (an avowed pirated edition) . . . London, n. d.

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An Occasional Oratorio, selected from Handel's works, London, n. d

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——— ——— London, 1774.

xx.G.21.11=21

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA;

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed for the Executors of J. WATTS, and sold by T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACIS.

GALATEA.

POLYPHEMUS.

DAMON.

CHLORIS.

Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART the FIRST.

A rural Proſpect, diverſified with Rocks, Groves, and a River, *Acis* and *Galatea* ſeated by a Fountain. *Chorus* of Nymphs and Shepherds, diſtributed about the Landſcape; and *Polyphemus* diſcovered ſitting upon a Mountain.

CHORUS.

O The Pleaſure of the Plains!
Happy Nymphs, and happy Swains,
(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and ſport the Hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
For us distils the Dew,
For us unfolds the Rose,
And Flow'rs display their Hue:
For us the Winters rain;
For us the Summers shine;
Spring swells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine. Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales, to cool my Love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling Choir,
Your thrilling Strains
Awake my Pains,
And kindle fierce 'Desire:
Cease your Song, and take your Flight:
Bring back my Acis *to my Sight.* Da Capo.

AIR.

ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming Fair?
Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you saw my Dear!
Seeks she the Groves, or bathes in crystal Fountains? Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, ſtay!
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy Air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy Ruin!
Share our Joy, our Pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy Paſſion till to-morrow,
Let the Day be free from Sorrow,
Free from Love, and free from Care. Da Capo.

AIR.

CHLORIS.

O do not, Shepherd, thus adviſing,
The Lover's pleaſing Pains repreſs;
The Lover's Paſſion juſtly prizing,
Secures what only Life can bleſs.

With Pride the Lover boaſts a Treaſure
In ev'ry Care his Heart conceals,
And Tears for him have ſweeter Pleaſure,
Than Mirth in thoughtleſs Laughter feels.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

And ſee my Love!
Turn, *Galatea*, hither turn thine Eyes;
See at thy Feet the longing *Acis* lies.

AIR.

AIR.

Love in her Eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious Death;
Love in her Lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her Breath:
Love on her Breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft Deſire:
Nor Grace, nor Charm is wanting
To ſet the Heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the Pains of abſent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

AIR.

As when the Dove
Laments her Love,
All on the naked Spray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long Day.
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove;
Melting Murmurs, laſting Love.

DUET.

DUET.

ACIS *and* GALATEA.

Happy we.
What Joys I feel!——What Charms I see!
Of all Youths, Thou deareſt Boy!
Of all Nymphs, thou brighteſt Fair!
Thou all my Bliſs, thou all my Joy! Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART the SECOND.

A CONCERTO *on the* ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRetched Lovers! Fate has paſt
This ſad Decree; No Joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched Lovers! quit your Dream;
Behold the Monſter Polypheme;
See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain nods, the Foreſt ſhakes;
The Waves run frighten'd to the Shores:
Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars.

RECI-

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the Heart.
Thou truſty Pine,
Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious Mouth;
In ſoft enchanting Accents let me breathe
Sweet *Galatea*'s Beauty, and my Love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the Cherry!
O ſweeter than the Berry!
O Nymph, more bright
Than Moon-ſhine Night,
Like Kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting Cluſter!
No Lilly has ſuch Luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging Flame,
And fierce as Storms that bluſter! Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, Faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces ſhunning?
GAL. The Lion calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin ſtay.

POLY. Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Calls to Empire, and to Love:
To his Palace in the Rock,
To his Dairy, to his Flock;
To the Grape of purple Hue,
To the Plumb of glossy Blue;
Wildings, which, expecting, stand
Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.

GAL. Of Infant Limbs to make thy Food,
And swill full Draughts of human Blood!
Go, Monster! bid some other Guest:
I loath the Host; I loath the Feast.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Cease to Beauty to be suing:
Ever whining Love disdaining,
Let the Brave, their Aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender Creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the Lover's part:
Beauty, by Constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the Blessing,
Lifeless Charms without the Heart. Da Capo.

AIR.

AIR.

CHLORIS.

In vain you teach him Duty,
To Beauty,
His Love is but Desire.
He gains, the Fair possessing,
Not half the Lover's Blessing,
Not half so pure his Fire.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous Love provokes my Rage,
Weak, as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his Arms.

AIR.

Love sound th' Alarm,
And Fear is a flying:
When Beauty's the Prize,
What Mortal fears dying?
In Defence of my Treasure
I'd bleed at each Vein:
Without her no Pleasure,
For Life is a Pain. Da Capo.

ACIS and *GALATEA.*

A

SERENATA.

PART the THIRD.

AIR.

DAMON.

Consider, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleasure,
That flatters our Hopes
In pursuit of the Fair:
The Joys that attend it,
By Moments we measure;
But Life is too little
To measure our Care.

Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle Youth:
Truſt my Conſtancy and Truth;
Truſt my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, *and* POLYPHEME.

Acis *and* Gal. *The Flocks ſhall leave the Mountains,*
The Woods the Turtle Dove,
The Nymphs forſake the Fountains,
Ere I forſake my Love.

Poly. *Torture! Fury! Rage! Deſpair!*
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis *and* Gal. *Not Show'rs to Larks more pleaſing,*
Nor Sunſhine to the Bee;
Not Sleep to Toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear Smiles to me.

Poly. *Fly ſwift, thou maſſy Ruin, fly:*
Die, preſumptuous Acis, *die.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, *Galatea*! help ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye Swains;
Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore.
Ah! the gentle Acis *is no more.*

SONG *and* CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my Acis *ſtill bemoan,*
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that Stone?
Muſt the lovely charming Youth
Die for his Conſtancy and Truth?
Say, what Comfort can you find?
For dark Deſpair o'erclouds my Mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, *ceaſe to grieve;*
Bewail not, when thou can'ſt relieve:
Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art;
The Goddeſs ſoon can heal thy Smart:
To Kindred Gods the Youth return,
Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: Thus I exert my Pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

AIR.

Heart, thou Seat of ſoft Delight!
Be thou now a Fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy Blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal Flood:
Rock, thy hollow Womb diſcloſe
The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows,
Thro' the Plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle Love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, *dry thy Tears:*
Acis *now a God appears;*
See how he rears him from his Bed;
See the Wreath that binds his Head;
Hail! thou gentle murm'ing Stream,
Shepherds Pleaſure, Muſes Theme;
Thro' the Plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle Love.

FINIS.

A SONG

FOR

St. CECILIA's Day.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot and moist, and dry,
In Order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

SONG.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The Diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

AIR 1.

What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*
When Jubal *ſtruck the corded Shell,*
His liſt'ning Brethren ſtood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial Sound,
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well,
What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*

AIR 2.

The TRUMPET'*s loud Clangor*
Excites us to Arms
With ſhrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms,
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring Drum
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

AIR.

SONG.

AIR 3.

The ſoft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes diſcovers
The Woes of hopeleſs Lovers,
Whoſe Dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling LUTE.

AIR 4.

Sharp VIOLINS *proclaim*
Their jealous Pangs, and Deſperation,
Fury, frantic Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful Dame.

AIR 5.

But, oh What Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The ſacred ORGAN's *Praiſe?*
Notes inſpiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To join the Choirs above.

AIR 6.

Orpheus *could lead the Savage Race:*
And Trees unrooted left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre.

RE-

S O N G.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r;
When to her ORGAN, Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtrait appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Power of ſacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's Praiſe
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The TRUMPET *ſhall be heard on high*
The Dead ſhall live, the Living Die,
And MUSICK *ſhall untune the Sky.*

FINIS.

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2

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA;

The MUSIC compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

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A rural Proſpect, diverſified with Rocks, Groves and a River, *Acis* and *Galatea* ſeated by a Fountain. *Chorus* of Nymphs and Shepherds, diſtributed about the Landſcape; and *Polyphemus* diſcovered ſitting upon a Mountain.

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O The Pleaſure of the Plains!
Happy Nymphs, and happy Swains,
(Harmleſs, merry, free and gay)
Dance and ſport the Hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the Dew,
For us unfolds the Roſe,
And Flowers diſplay their Hue:
For us the Winters rain,
For us the Summers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales to cool my Love.

AIR.

Huſh, ye pretty warbling Choir,
Your thrilling Strains
Awake my Pains,
And kindle fierce Deſire:
Ceaſe your Song, and take your Flight:
Bring back my *Acis* to my Sight. *Da. Capo.*

AIR.

ACIS.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming Fair?
Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you ſaw my Dear!
Seeks ſhe the Groves, or bathes in cryſtal Fountains? *Da Capo.*

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RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, ſtay!
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy Air?
No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy Ruin!
Share our Joy, our Pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy Paſſion till to-morrow,
Let the Day be free from Sorrow,
Free from Love, and free from Care. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

And ſee, my Love!
Turn, *Galatea*, hither turn thine Eyes;
See at thy Feet the longing *Acis* lies.

AIR.

Love in her Eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious Death;
Love in her Lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her Breath:
Love on her Breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft Deſire:
Nor Grace, nor Charm is wanting
To ſet the Heart on fire.

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O! didſt thou know the Pains of abſent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

AIR.

As when the Dove
Laments her Love,
All on the naked Spray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long Day.
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove;
Melting Murmurs, laſting Love.

DUET.

ACIS *and* GALATEA.

Happy we.
What Joys I feel!------What Charms I see!
Of all Youths, Thou deareſt Boy!
Of all Nymphs, thou brighteſt Fair!
Thou all my Bliſs, thou all my Joy! *Da Cap*

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACI

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

S E N E R A T A.

PART the SECOND.

A CONCERTO *on the* ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRetched Lovers! Fate has paſt
This ſad Decree; No Joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched Lovers! quit your Dream;
Behold the Monſter *Polypheme*;
See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain nods, the Foreſt ſhakes,
The Waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars.

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I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the Heart.
Thou truſty Pine,
Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
To make a Pipe for my capacious Mouth;
In ſoft enchanting Accents let me breathe
Sweet *Galatea*'s Beauty, and my Love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the Cherry!
O ſweeter than the Berry!
O Nymph, more bright
Than Moon-ſhine Night,
Like Kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting Cluſter!
No Lilly has ſuch Luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging Flame,
And fierce as Storms that bluſter! *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, Faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces ſhunning?
GAL. The Lyon calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin ſtay.

POLY. Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Calls to Empire, and to Love:
To his Palace in the Rock,
To his Dairy, to his Flock;
To the Grape of purple Hue,
To the Plumb of gloſſy Blue;
Wildings, which, expecting, ſtand
Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.
GAL. Of Infant Limbs to make thy Food,
And ſwill full Draughts of human Blood!
Go, Monſter! bid ſome other Gueſt:
I loath the Hoſt; I loath the Feaſt.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Ceaſe to Beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining Love diſdaining,
Let the Brave, their Aims purſuing,
Still be conqu'ring not complaining. *Da Capo.*

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender Creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the Lover's part:
Beauty, by Conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the Bleſſing,
Lifeleſs Charms without the Heart. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous Love provokes my Rage,
Weak as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his Arms.

AIR.

Love ſounds th' Alarm,
And Fear is a flying:
When Beauty's the Prize,
What Mortal fears dying?
In Defence of my Treaſure
I'd bleed at each Vein:
Without her no Pleaſure,
For Life is a Pain. *Da Capo.*

AIR.

DAMON.

Conſider, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleaſure,
That flatters our Hopes
In purſuit of the Fair:
The Joys that attend it,
By moments we meaſure;
But Life is too little
To meaſure our Care. *Da Capo.*

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RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle Youth:
Truſt my Conſtancy and Truth;
Truſt my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, *and* POLYPHEME.

Acis *and* Gal. The Flocks ſhall leave the Mountains,
The Woods the Turtle Dove,
The Nymphs forſake the Fountains,
Ere I forſake my Love.

Poly. Torture! Fury! Rage! Deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis *and* Gal. Not Show'rs to Larks more pleaſing,
Nor Sunſhine to the Bee;
Not Sleep to Toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear Smiles to me.

Ploy. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy Ruin, fly:
Die, preſumptuous *Acis*, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, *Galatea!* help ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye Swains;
Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore.
Ah! the Gentle *Acis* is no more.

SONG *and* CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my *Acis* ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that Stone?
Muſt the lovely charming Youth
Die for his Conſtancy and Truth?
Say, what Comfort can you find?
For dark Deſpair o'erclouds my Mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, *Galatea*, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou can'ſt relieve:
Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art;
The Goddeſs ſoon can heal thy Smart:
To kindred Gods the Youth return,
Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: Thus I exert my Pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

AIR.

Heart, thou Seat of ſoft Delight!
Be thou now a Fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy Blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal Flood:
Rock, thy hollow Womb diſcloſe
The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows,
Thro' the Plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle Love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy Tears:
Acis now a God appears;
See how he rears him from his Bed;
See the Wreath that binds his Head;
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,
Shepherds Pleaſure, Muſes Theme;
Thro' the Plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle Love.

FINIS.

A SONG

FOR

CECILIA's Day.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

ROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Univerſal Frame began.
hen Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
rder to their Stations leap,
And MUSIC's Power obey.

*

CHORUS.

SONG.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The Diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

AIR 1.

What Paſſion cannot *MUSIC* raiſe and quell!
When *Jubal* ſtruck the corded Shell,
His liſt'ning Brethren ſtood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial Sound;
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What Paſſion cannot *MUSIC* raiſe and quell!

AIR 2.

The *TRUMPET*'s loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms,
With ſhrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms,
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring *Drum*
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

SONG.

AIR 3.

The soft complaining *FLUTE*,
In dying Notes, discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling *LUTE*.

AIR 4.

Sharp *VIOLINS* proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantic Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Passion
For the fair disdainful Dame.

AIR 5.

But, oh, what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The sacred *ORGAN*'s Praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To join the Choirs above.

AIR 6.

Orpheus could lead the Savage Race;
And Trees unrooted left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre.

REGI-

SONG.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r;
When to her *ORGAN* vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Power of ſacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's Praiſe
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The *TRUMPET* ſhall be heard on high
The Dead ſhall live, the Living Die,
And *MUSIC* ſhall untune the Sky.

FINIS.

L4/3
(CMA 33826)
3

ALEXANDER BALUS.

AN

ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Set to Muſick by GEORGE-FREDERICK HANDEL, Eſq;

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the *Bible* and *Key* in *Ave-Mary Lane* near *Stationers-Hall.*

M DCC XLVIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

TO

WILLIAM FREEMAN,

Of *Hamels* in *Hertfordſhire*, Eſq;

SIR,

NOT your Proficiency in the *Belles Lettres*, nor Skill in moſt of the *Liberal Arts*, or other Accompliſhments; but your particular Affection for *Muſic*, and true Taſte of Harmony, in its moſt extenſive Meaning, embolden'd me to inſcribe this Piece to You, and to honour myſelf with the Title of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

and humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALEXANDER BALUS, *King of* Syria, *&c.*

PTOLOMEE, *King of* Egypt.

JONATHAN, *Chief of the* Jews.

CLEOPATRA, *Daughter to* Ptolomee.

ASPASIA, *her Confident.*

Chorus of Iſraelites.

Chorus of Aſiatics, *&c.*

ALEXANDER BALUS.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I.

CHORUS *of* Asiatics *upon the Return of* Alexander *from the Conquest of* Demetrius. *

FLUSH'D *with Conquest, --- fir'd by* Mithra †
Fountain of eternal Rays;
Sing we to Balus *--- sing we to* Mithra ---
Songs of Triumph --- Songs of Praise.

RECITATIVE.

Alexander. Thus far, ye glorious Partners of the War,
The Pow'r on high hath prosper'd our Designs.
Demetrius is slain: --- And *Syria* bows
To me her Lord with universal Joy.
I will repay them with those royal Virtues,
Justice and Clemency. ----

Jonathan,

* 1 Maccab. x. 50.
† The *Sun*, the chief Object of Worship among the Eastern Nations.

Jonathan. ------ Moſt noble King,
The Sons of *Iſrael*, (not leſs of Peace
Deſirous, than alert, and brave in War
Whene'er their Country calls) congratulate
This your Succeſs: And Gifts, yet more than Gifts,
Their Hands and Hearts, they offer, in firm League,
As late accepted by imperial *Rome* *.

Alexander. Thy Boon is granted, be it wrote on Braſs,
That *Jonathan* is *Alexander*'s Friend †.
" The Hearts of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And ſway our great Reſolves. ----

Jonathan. ---- Confirm it, Heav'n.

AIR.

Great Author of this Harmony,
Who rul'ſt in Heav'n above;
O bind this League of Amity,
With Chains of laſting Love. ----

RECITATIVE.

Ptolomee. ---- And thus let happy *Egypt*'s King
Speak his Affection with the Trumpet's Sound,
That the ſurrounding Nations all may know,
Balus commands the Pow'rs of *Ptolomee*,
Or to ſecure, or to adorn his Throne.

AIR.

Thrice happy the Monarch, whom Nations contend,
With Counſels to guide, and with Arms to defend:
Secure ſtands the Throne, that on Concord relies;
As by Concord preſerv'd are the Earth and the Skies.

RECI-

* 1 Maccab. viii. 21. † 1 Maccab. x. 20.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. Congratulation to our Father's Friend,
Amidſt this general Joy directs our Part.
But how ſhall *Cleopatra* entertain
The royal Ear, unleſs *Apollo's* Self
Deigns to attune to his own Harp my Song?

AIR.

Hark, hark, He ſtrikes the golden Lyre,
And tells it to his joyful Choir;
His Alexander *reigns.*
Ye docil Echoes, catch the Sound,
And ſpread the Bleſſing all around
In ſweet harmonious Strains.

RECITATIVE.

Alexander. Be it my chief Ambition there to riſe,
Where for theſe Obligations true Deſert
May ſpeak me grateful---

AIR.

Fair Virtue ſhall charm me,
And Honour ſhall warm me,
This Love to repay:
While Streams flow from Fountains,
And Flocks on the Mountains,
Or Valleys, ſhall ſtray.

Chorus *of* Aſiatics.

Ye happy Nations round; ----
Loudly triumph; ---*your Voices raiſe,*
In Choral Symphony, reſound
Great Alexander's *Praiſe.*

RECITATIVE.

Alexander. ---- My *Jonathan,*
Didſt Thou mark well her Graces? didſt Thou feel
The Muſick of her Eye? To me it ſeem'd
More ſoft, and ſweet than her melodious Voice.
Beauty's a pleaſing Tyranny, my Friend,
Which laughs at the Reluctance of the Will,
And humbles to her Lure the Hearts of Kings.

AIR.

Oh, what reſiſtleſs Charms are giv'n
To Symmetry of Feature!
It ſeems the Model of all Heav'n,
And Triumph of all Nature.

AIR.

Cleop. *Subtle Love, with Fancy viewing*
Rapt'rous Joys on Joys enſuing,
Plays around my captive Heart.
Cautious Reaſon fain wou'd eaſe me,
But all Efforts to releaſe me
Only deeper fix the Dart.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. *Aſpaſia*, I know not what to call
This Interview. Grant, O ye Pow'rs, it prove
A happy one, --- but I am ſick with Doubt.
Mark'd you the King, *Aſpaſia?* Look'd He not
A King indeed, while on his radiant Brow,
Deckt with the roſy Rays of Youth, Love ſeem'd
To ſit enthron'd, and full of Majeſty? ---

AIR.

How happy ſhou'd we Mortals prove,
How joyous ſpend the live-long Day,
If ſilent Merit gain'd the Love,
That crafty Courtſhip ſteals away.

RECITATIVE.

Aſpaſia. Check not the pleaſing Accents of thy Tongue,
Nor be aſham'd, fair Princeſs, to declare
A Paſſion for the Brave. --- 'Tis a Reward
Beſide the Honours of the well-fought Field,
They juſtly claim, --- None elſe deſerve the Fair.

AIR.

So ſhall the ſweet attractive Smile,
Winning Graces,
Soft Embraces,
Ever crown the Soldier's Toil:

When He awhile forgets the Noiſe
Of loud Alarms,
And claſhing Arms,
To triumph in connubial Joys.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. How bliſsful State!---
Aſpaſia. ---- That bliſsful State be yours.
Cleopatra. When neither Tyrant Cuſtom rules the Choice,
Aſpaſia. Nor fickle Flights of Fancy guide the Will:
Cleopatra. But equal Love on equal Merit form'd,
With pure Affection feeds the conſtant Flame.

DUET.

O, what Pleaſures, paſt expreſſing,
Flow from pure and conſtant Love!
All is Joy, and all is Bleſſing,
Which the circling Hours improve.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Why hangs this heavy Gloom upon the Brow
Of *Syria*'s Monarch, while his big Heart heaves
With ſudden Paſſion? hath the royal Maid,
Worthy indeed an *Alexander*'s Love,
Enſlav'd the mighty Conqueror? Know thyſelf,
'Tis thine to ask, and *Ptolomee*'s to grant.
Alexander. --- Be it ſo --- with Speed, my Friend, diſpatch
The Meſſage, rich with Gifts, worthy a King *.
But ſay, what Gifts? had I a World to give
It were not equal Price, for ſuch a Gem.

AIR.

Heroes may boaſt their mighty Deeds,
And talk of Conqueſt in high Strains:
Yet oft more pow'rful Beauty leads
The captive Conqueror in Chains.

* 1 Maccab. x. 54.

Fly

Fly ſwift, on borrow'd Wings of Love,
Ye tardy-footed Minutes, fly;
And bring the Sentence to remove
This frantic Torture, Live or Die.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Ye Sons of *Judah,* with high Feſtival
Proclaim this happy Day. --- The Sword is ceas'd
From *Iſrael* --- The Captives are reſtor'd. --- *
And Liberty, that Life of Life itſelf,
And Soul of Property, directs her Sons
To praiſe the Donor with extatic Joy.

AIR.

Great God, from whom all Bleſſings ſpring,
Life, Liberty, and Fame:
To thee let grateful Juda *ſing;*
And magnify thy Name.

Chorus *of* Iſraelites.

Theſe are thy Gifts, almighty King,
Life, Liberty, and Fame:
For theſe with grateful Hearts we ſing,
And magnify thy Name.

* 1 Maccab. ix. 72, 73.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

PART II.

ALEXANDER.

AIR.

KIND Hope, thou univerſal Friend,
Sweet Balm in all Diſtreſs.
Still, ſtill, a Lover's Pray'r attend,
With fancied Raptures of Succeſs.

RECITATIVE.

Jonath. Long, long, and happy live the King: Thus ſpeaks
The Meſſenger from *Egypt.* --- *Ptolomee*
Greets Thee his Son; and *Cleopatra* deckt
In all the Luſtre of a blooming Bride,
At *Ptolemais* waits the ſmiling Hour *.
Alexander. --- Thither let us haſte, my *Jonathan,*
And all the thorny Cares of State apart
Seize the ſweet Hour, and revel in Delight.

* 1 Maccab. x. 57.

AIR.

AIR.

O Mithra, *with thy brighteſt Beams,*
Shine out ſerene & gay;
And pour forth all thy golden Streams,
To glad our bridal Day.

RECITATIVE.

A Sycophant Courtier. Stay, my dread Sovereign, and let
juſt Revenge
Secure thy Throne. --- A baſe, ungrateful Man,
Covering fell Purpoſe with the ſpecious Mask
Of Friendſhip, plots againſt thy Throne, thy Life.
Loyal Affection dictates this, yet more,
It bids me ſay, that *Jonathan* is He *.
Alexander. 'Tis falſe.---Avaunt, before I frown Thee dead.--
Bring me, my Lords, the richeſt purple Robe,
And ducal Crown. --- Much more deſerves my Friend,
My Brother *Jonathan*; and more will I
Exalt Thee, beſt of Men. --- For ſacred is
This Day to Honour, Gratitude, and Love.

AIR.

Mighty Love now calls to arm,
Hear, --- he ſounds the laſt Alarm. ---
Lead, ſweet Hymen, *lead away. ---*
Let no harſh diſcordant Sound,
But Love and Joy be ſpread around. --- D. C.

* 1 Maccab. x. 61.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. " There is no Greatneſs in Mortality,
" That can tie up the Gall in ſland'rous Tongues,
Or ſcape th' intended Wounds of Calumny.
" 'Tis a rough Brake, the Virtuous muſt go through;
Ever in Danger, and yet ever ſafe,
In the Protection of almighty Pow'r.

AIR.

Hateful Man, thy ſland'rous Tongue,
Throws in vain the poiſon'd Dart;
Know, that 'twill recoil ere long,
Doom'd to ſtab the Traitor's Heart.

Chorus *of* Iſraelites.

O Calumny, on Virtue waiting
Shadow-like, yet Virtue hating;
Fly theſe upper Regions, fly.
Native of the Shades below
Thither, thither go:
Go with all thy baſe Deſigning,
All your Forging, Feigning, Coining,
And in Darkneſs ever lie.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. Ah! whence theſe dire Forebodings of the Mind?
Why droops my Soul, when on the Verge of Bliſs?
Is he not brave? Succeſsful? Good? a King?
And all that can deſerve Return of Love?

Yet

Yet Apprehenſion of I know not what
Hangs heavy on my Soul, and checks the riſing Joy.

AIR.

Toſt from Thought to Thought I rove;
Joys ſurround me,
Fears confound me:
Ev'ry Paſſion is thine, O Love.

O thou pleaſing irkſome Gueſt!
Wiſhes riſing,
Doubts ſurpriſing,
Give thy changeful Tide no Reſt.

RECITATIVE.

Aſpaſia. Give to the Winds, fair Princeſs, theſe vain Doubts,
And anxious Fears; nor think that they ariſe
From Skill prophetic in the Book of Fate;
But from pure Nature, that with decent Strife,
'Twixt Hope and Fear, views the approaching Scene.

AIR.

Love, Glory, Ambition, whate'er can inſpire
A Flame that is laſting, and pureſt Deſire,
Unite in the Choice of a Monarch ſo great,
To make ev'ry Joy, ev'ry Bleſſing compleat.
Then give to the Winds theſe diſconſolate Fears,
When the promiſing Morn of all Comfort appears.

RECITATIVE.

Ptolomee. Thus far my Wiſhes thrive. With eager Joy
Fond *Alexander* ruſhes on the Toils.

Friend,

Friend, Brother, Son, whate'er he be; he falls,---
He falls to my Ambition.---'Twas for This
I gave him *Cleopatra*, and for This
With other Arts will ſtrengthen our Alliance,
Till I can work his Ruin.--Yes, I've fawn'd,
But only to devour; and ſoon will hurl
This happy Monarch from his fancied Throne:
To ſeat therein whom I can better rule,
The young *Demetrius* *.---

AIR.

Virtue, thou ideal Name,
All thy Honours I diſclaim;
Vain Delight of Coward Minds!
Bold Ambition knows no Law,
Active Souls, like mine, to awe,
Raging fierce, as boiſtrous Winds.

RECITATIVE.

Alexander. Glad Time at length hath reach'd the happy Point,
When long-liv'd Hope in ſweet Poſſeſſion dies.
Mithra, I thank thee.---*Cleopatra*'s mine.----
Thou ſacred Pow'r, bear Witneſs to my Love,
Warm as thy Fires, and pure as mid-day Light.
Cleopatra. Let † *Iſis* ever bind my grateful Heart
To duteous Vows, and more than loyal Love.

AIR *and* DUET.

Alex. *Hail, wedded Love, myſterious Law!*
Hearts delighting,
Souls uniting;
A thouſand Sweets from thee we draw.

Cleop.

* 1 Maccab. xi. 9. † An *Egyptian* Goddeſs.

Cleop. *A thouſand, thouſand Sweets we draw,*
Peace, and Pleaſure,
Without meaſure,
From wedded Love's myſterious Law.

Chorus *of* Aſiatics.

Hymen, *fair* Urania's *Son,*
Show'r thy choiceſt Bleſſings down
On the lovely royal Pair.
Let pure Honour, and Delight,
Crown the Day, and bleſs the Night,
As He is brave, and She is fair.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

PART III.

A GARDEN, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra.

'TIS true, inſtinctive Nature ſeldom points
At ſome approaching Ill, in vain. --- But ſure
In vain were all my former Doubts and Fears:
For I am happy, happy beyond Thought,
In this bright Scene of ever-conſtant Joy.

AIR.

Here amid theſe ſhady Woods,
Fragrant Flow'rs, and cryſtal Floods,
Taſte, my Soul, this charming Seat,
Love, and Glory's calm Retreat. ----
Hence, vain Doubt, and idle Fear:
Joy, and only Joy dwells here.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Ruffians. Miſtaken Queen! our Gods, and *Ptolomee*,
Have otherwiſe ordain'd. --- You muſt with us.
Cleopatra. Help, help, O *Iſis.* --- *Alexander*, help. ---

Alexander.

Alexander. Ah! was it not my *Cleopatra's* Voice?
The Voice of *Cleopatra* in Diſtreſs?---
It cannot be.--- What Beaſt can leap theſe Walls?
Or Man more bold and fierce, that dares invade
Our royal Privacy?--- Yet She was here,
And I did promiſe to partake with Her,
The ſweet, and ſolid Pleaſures of Retirement.

AIR.

Pow'rful Guardians of all Nature,
O preſerve my beauteous Love;
Keep from Inſult the dear Creature.---
Virtue ſure hath Charms to move.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Treachery, O King, unheard-of Treachery
Stalks through the Kingdom with gigantic Steps,
And glories in Succeſs.--- The *Syrian* Towns
With open Gates have *Ptolomee* receiv'd,
As your kind Friend, and Father.--- Entring thus,
He with *Egyptian* Soldiers garriſon'd
Each Place, and now at *Antioch* hath aſſum'd
The double Crown of *Egypt* and of *Aſia* *.
Alexander. Talk'ſt thou of Crowns and Kingdoms loſt, my Friend,
We will recover them.--- But know'ſt thou ought
Of *Cleopatra?*----
---- Faithful *Aſpaſia,*
Where is my Queen? my *Cleopatra?*---
Aſpaſia. Brib'd by pernicious Gold, 'tis ſaid your Guards
Admitted Ruffians, ſent by *Ptolomee*
To ſeize the Queen for young *Demetrius,*---

* 1 Maccab. xi. 2, 3, 13.

Alexander. Horror! Confuſion! call my Forces round.---
To Arms, my *Jonathan,* and let us ruſh
Upon the guileful Foe, that he may feel
The Fury of affronted Majeſty.

AIR.

Fury, with red-ſparkling Eyes,
Riſe, in all thy Terrors riſe;
All around Deſtruction deal.
That Revenge may give ſome Eaſe,
Or cold Death a kind Releaſe
To the horrid Pains I feel.

RECITATIVE.

Aſpaſia. Gods! can there be a more afflicting Sight
Than ſuch majeſtic Greatneſs in Diſtreſs?
How is he fall'n! from Empire, Love, and Joy!
The wretched Scorn of mercenary Slaves!

AIR.

Strange Reverſe of human Fate,
Mighty Joy, and mighty Woe!
None are happy, none are great,
In this changeful State below.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. May he return with laurell'd Victory
On his glad Brow. --- But Oh! I fear, the Gods,
The Creature-Gods he truſteth, cannot help.---
They are no Gods, but mere Deluſion all.

AIR

AIR.

To God, who made the radiant Sun,
And fix'd him in his central Throne,
The paler Moon, and ev'ry Star,
That darts his beamy Light from far;
To Him, Almighty, Greateſt, Beſt,
Jehovah, *Lord of Hoſts confeſt,*
All Victory belongs.
To Him alone 'tis Judah's *Care,*
To offer up their humble Pray'r,
And tune their grateful Songs.

Chorus *of* Iſraelites.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, and all ye Hoſt of Heav'n,
To great Jehovah *be all Glory giv'n:*
On his creating, his all-ſaving Pow'r,
Judah *ſhall call, and him alone adore.*

RECITATIVE.

Ptolomee to *Cleopatra.*

Yes --- he was falſe, my Daughter, falſe to you:
And hath conſpir'd againſt thy Father's Life *.
Self-Preſervation, and paternal Care
For you, my Child, oblig'd me to dethrone
This kingly Counterfeit. --- Then think no more
Of the loſt *Alexander*, but receive
A worthier Hero, whom thy Father wills.
Cleopatra. Impoſſible! He never cou'd be falſe
To Me, or You, ſo brave! ſo juſt! ſo good!
But Oh! indulge me once more with the Sight,

The

* 1 Maccab. xi. 10, 11.

The laſt Farewel, of Him, to whom I'm bound
By Nature's ſtrongeſt Tye, connubial Love.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Ptolomee. Ungrateful Child, by ev'ry ſacred Pow'r,
Thou never, never ſhalt behold him more.
In vain you ſigh, in vain you mourn;
For ſoon thy rebel Heart ſhall learn,
With Smiles to welcome our Return.

AIR.

O Sword, and thou all-daring Hand,
Thy Aid alone I crave;
Nor other Gods, or Pow'rs demand
To conquer, or to ſave.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. Shall *Cleopatra* ever ſmile again?
Oh no! whate'er a Father may command,
He cannot change the Courſe of Heart-ſore Grief.
Meſſenger. Ungrateful Tidings to the royal Ear,
I bring, O Queen. --- But ſuch the Will of Fate.
--- The valiant *Jew* hath vanquiſh'd thrice his Foes,
Whom, flying to *Azotus*, he perſued;
And on the City ſwift Deſtruction pour'd,
Not ſparing *Dagon*'s Temple, or the God *;
And now returns in Triumph. --- But the King,
Alas! the King, o'erpower'd by *Ptolomee*,
Your Father, and deſerted by his Hoſt,
Sought Refuge in *Arabia*, but in vain,
For treach'rous *Zabdiel*, heeding not the Pray'r,
That he pour'd forth in Bitterneſs of Soul,

Not

* 1 Maccab. x. 83, 84.

Not for Himſelf, but You, his Queen, his Life,
Hath with remorſeleſs Sword ſmote off his Head *.

AIR.

Cleop. *O take me from this hateful Light:*
Torture end me,
Death befriend me,
Wrapt in Shades of endleſs Night.

RECITATIVE.

Another Meſſenger. Forgive, O Queen, the Meſſenger of Ill.—
Cleopatra. —— Say on, ſay on. ——
" All ſtrange and terrible Events are welcome
To one, whoſe only Comfort is Deſpair.
Meſſenger. From the dread Scene of bloody War I come---
Where *Ptolomee*, your Father, raging fierce
And fearleſs, ever in the foremoſt Rank,
From many a gaping Wound hath breath'd his Soul †.
Cleopatra. This is thy Havock, O Ambition, Bane
Of human Happineſs. Oh! had I ne'er
Been born a Queen, to feel the dire Effects
That wait the Fortune of the wretched Great.
But vain is all Complaint. ---Calm thou my Soul,
Kind *Iſis*, with a noble Scorn of Life,
Ideal Joys, and momentary Pains
That flatter, or diſturb this waking Dream.

AIR.

Convey me to ſome peaceful Shore,
Where no tumultuous Billows roar,
Where Life, tho' joyleſs, ſtill is calm,
And ſweet Content is Sorrow's Balm.

There

* 1 Maccab. xi. 17. † 1 Maccab. xi. 18.

There free from Pomp and Care, to wait,
Forgetting, and forgot, the Will of Fate.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Myſterious are thy Ways, O Providence,
But always true and juſt. --- By Thee Kings reign,
By Thee they fall. --- Where now is *Egypt*'s Boaſt?
Where thine, O *Syria*? --- laid low in Duſt.
While choſen *Judah* triumphs in Succeſs,
And feels the Preſence of *Jehovah*'s Arm.
Mindful of This, let *Iſrael* ever fear,
With filial Rev'rence, his tremendous Name,
And with obſequious Hearts exalt his Praiſe.

AIR, *and Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Ye Servants of th' eternal King,
His Pow'r and Glory ſing:
And ſpeak of all his righteous Ways,
With Wonder, and with Praiſe.

Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.

FINIS.

ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

[Price One Shilling.]

L414
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1000 382169

ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

A N O D E.

Wrote in Honour of St. *CECILIA,*

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Set to MUSICK by Mr. *HANDEL.*

Hear how Timotheus' *various Lays ſurpriſe,*
And bid alternate Paſſions fall and riſe;
While, at each Change, the Son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love;
Now his fierce Eyes with ſparkling Fury glow,
Now Sighs ſteal out, and Tears begin to flow;
Perſians *and* Greeks *like Turns of Nature found,*
And the World's Victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound.
Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand.*

M DCC XXXIX.

[Price One Shilling.]

TO

Mr. *HANDEL*,

On his Setting to MUSICK

Mr. *Dryden*'s FEAST of ALEXANDER.

LET others charm the liſt'ning ſcaly Brood,
Or tame the ſavage Monſters of the Wood;
With magick Notes inchant the leafy Grove,
Or force ev'n Things inanimate to move:
Be ever Your's (my Friend) the God-like Art,
To calm the Paſſions, and improve the Heart;
The Tyrant's Rage, and Hell-born Pride controul,
Or ſweetly ſooth to Peace the mourning Soul;
With martial Warmth the Heroe's Breaſt inſpire,
Or fan new-kindling Love to chaſte Deſire.
That Artiſt's Hand, (whoſe Skill alone cou'd move
To Glory, Grief, or Joy the Son of Jove;*)*

Nor

Not greater Raptures to the Grecian *gave,*
Than Britiſh *Theatres from you receive;*
That Ignorance and Envy vanquiſh'd ſee;
Heav'n made, you rule the World by Harmony.
Two glowing Sparks of that Celeſtial Flame,
Which warms by myſtick Art this earthly Frame,
United in one Blaze of Genial Heat,
Produc'd this Piece in Senſe and Sounds compleat;
The Siſter Arts *as breathing from one Soul,*
With equal Spirit animate the Whole:
Had Dryden *liv'd the welcome Day to bleſs,*
Which cloath'd his Numbers in ſo fit a Dreſs;
When his majeſtick Poetry *was crown'd,*
With all your bright Magnificence of Sound;
How wou'd his Wonder and his Tranſport riſe?
Whilſt fam'd Timotheus *yields to you the Prize.*

PRE-

PREFACE.

THE following ODE being univerſally allow'd to be the moſt excellent of its Kind, (at leaſt in our Language;) all Admirers of polite Amuſements, have with Impatience expected its Appearing in a Muſical Dreſs, equal to the Subject. But the late Improvements in Muſick varying ſo much from that Turn of Compoſition, for which this Poem was originally deſign'd, moſt People deſpair'd of ever ſeeing that Affair properly accompliſh'd: The Alteration in the Words, (neceſſary to render them fit to receive modern Compoſition) being thought ſcarcely practicable, without breaking in upon that Flow of Spirit which runs thro' the whole of the Poem, which of Conſequence wou'd be render'd flat and inſipid. I was long of this Opinion,

not,

not only from a Diffidence of my own Capacity, but the ill Succeſs of ſome ingenious Gentlemen, whoſe Alterations of or Additions to the Original, prov'd equally ill-judg'd. But upon a more particular Review of the Ode, theſe ſeeming Difficulties vaniſh'd; tho' I was determin'd not to take any unwarrantable Liberty with that Poem, which has ſo long done Honour to the Nation; and which no Man can add to, or abridge, in any thing material, without injuring it: I therefore confin'd myſelf to a plain Diviſion of it into *Airs*, *Recitative*, or *Chorus's*; looking upon the Words in general ſo ſacred, as ſcarcely to violate one in the Order of its firſt Place: How I have ſucceeded, the World is to judge; and whether I have preſerv'd that beautiful Deſcription of the Paſſions, ſo exquiſitely drawn, at the ſame time I ſtrove to reduce them to the preſent Taſte in Sounds.

I confeſs my principal View was, not to loſe this favourable Opportunity of its being ſet to Muſick by that great Maſter, who has with Pleaſure undertaken the Task, and who only is capable of doing it Juſtice; whoſe Compoſi-

tions

tions have long ſhewn, that they can conquer even the moſt obſtinate Partiality, and inſpire Life into the moſt ſenſeleſs Words.

If this Entertainment can, in the leaſt degree, gave Satisfaction to the real Judges of *Poetry* or *Muſick*, I ſhall think myſelf happy in having promoted it; being perſuaded, that it is next to an Improbability, to offer the World any thing in thoſe *Arts* more perfect, than the united Labours and utmoſt Efforts of a *Dryden* and a *Handel*.

N. H.

A *ALEXAN-*

ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

ACT *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE.



'TWAS at the Royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike Son:
Aloft, in awful State,
The God-like Heroe ſate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound:

So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be crown'd.
The Lovely *Thais* by his Side
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky,
And heav'nly Joys inſpire.

[*A Concerto here, for the Harp, Lute, Lyricord, and other Inſtruments.*]

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

The Song began from *Jove,*
Who left his bliſsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty *Love*)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender Waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of Himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.

CHORUS.

The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

AIR.

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod:
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

CHO-

CHORUS, *repeated.*

The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

RECITATIVE.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus*, then, the ſweet Muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus*, ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
Fluſh'd with a Purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
Now give the Hautboys Breath; He comes! he comes!

AIR.

Bacchus, *ever Fair, and Young,*
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure,
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the Slain:
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe.

AIR.

AIR.

He ſung Darius *Great and Good,*
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

He ſung Darius *Great and Good,*
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul,
The various Turns of Chance below,
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Behold Darius *Great and Good,*
Fallen, welt'ring in his Blood;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to close his Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love:

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

AIR.

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:

Lovely Thais *ſits beſide thee,*
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

AIR.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:

At length with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and Sigh'd again.

CHORUS, *repeated.*

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT THE SECOND.

Concerto for two Violins, Violoncello, *&c.*

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

NOW ſtrike the Golden Lyre again;
A louder yet --- and yet a louder Strain;
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! --- the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead:
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.

AIR.

AIR.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus *cries,*
See the Furies ariſe,
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Thoſe are Grecian *Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,*
And unbury'd, remain
Inglorious on the Plain.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus *cries,*
See the Furies ariſe,
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew:
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hoſtile Gods!

AIR.

AIR.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

AIR.

Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

CHORUS.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

Thais *led the way*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

AIR, DUETT.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

End of the Ode.

[Concerto for the Organ and other Instruments.]

ADDI-

ADDITIONAL CHORUS.

Your Voices tune, and raiſe them high,
Till th' echo from the vaulted Sky
The bleſt Cecilia's *Name;*
Muſick to Heav'n and Her we owe,
The greateſt Bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her Fame:

Let's imitate her Notes above,
And may this Evening ever prove,
Sacred to Harmony and Love.

FINIS.

[Part of 4/4]

THE

JUDGMENT of *PARIS:*

A

MASQUE.

Written by Mr. *CONGREVE.*

New Set to Musick by

Mr. *THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Paris,	*Mr.* Beard.
Mercury,	*Mr.* Lowe.

WOMEN.

Venus,	*Mrs.* Cecilia Arne.
Pallas,	*Mrs.* Clive.
Juno,	*Miſs* Edwards.

Chorus of Nymphs *and* Swains.

THE JUDGMENT *of* PARIS.

MERCURY.

FROM high *Olympus* and the Realms above,
Behold I come the Meſſenger of *Jove*;
His dread Commands I bear,
Shepherd, ariſe and hear;
Ariſe, and leave a while thy Rural Care.
Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,
And lay aſide thy tuneful Reed;
For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

PARIS.

O *Hermes*, I thy Godhead know
By thy winged Heels and Head,
By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,
And guides the Shades below.
Say wherefore doſt thou ſeek this humble Plain,
To greet a lowly Swain?
What does the mighty Thunderer ordain?

MERCURY.

This radiant Fruit behold,
More bright than burniſh'd Gold;
Three Goddeſſes for this contend,
See now they deſcend,
And this way they bend.
Shepherd, take the golden Prize,
Yield it to the brighteſt Eyes.

PARIS.

O Raviſhing Delight!
What Mortal can ſupport the Sight?
Alas, too weak is Human Brain,
So much Rapture to ſuſtain.

AIR.

I faint, I fall, O take me hence,
Ere Ecſtacy invades my aking Senſe:
Help me, Hermes, *or I die,*
Save me from Exceſs of Joy.

MERCURY. AIR.

Fear not, Mortal, none ſhall harm thee,
With my ſacred Rod I'll charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'ſt every Grace diſcover.
Though a thouſand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not, Mortal, none ſhall wound thee.

MERCURY and *PARIS.* DUETTO.

Happy thou of Human Race,
Gods with thee would change their Place;
With no God I'd change my Place,
Happy I of Human Race. *Merc.* aſcends.

JUNO.

Saturnia, Wife of Thundering *Jove* am I,
Belov'd by him, and Empreſs of the Sky;
Shepherd, fix on me thy wond'ring Sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

PALLAS.

This way, Mortal, bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;
A Virgin Goddeſs free from Stain,
And Queen of Arts, and Arms, I reign.

[*Symphony for* Venus.]

VENUS. AIR.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,
Let not Venus *ſue in vain;*
Venus *rules the Gods above,*
Love rules them, and ſhe rules Love;
Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,

PALLAS.

PALLAS. TRIO.

Hither turn to me again;

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am ſhe;

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am ſhe.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain;

JUNO and *PALLAS.*

She will deceive thee;

VENUS.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee;
Hither turn to me again,
To me, to me, for I am ſhe;
Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PARIS. AIR.

I.

Diſtracted I turn, but I cannot decide,
So equal a Title, ſure never was try'd,
United your Beauties ſo dazzle the Sight,
That, loſt in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heavenly Fair,
For three at a time there's no Mortal can bear;
And ſince a gay Robe an ill ſhape may diſguiſe,
When each is undreſt
I'll judge of the beſt,
For 'tis not a Face that muſt carry the Prize.

JUNO. AIR.

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,

Not

Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings ſhalt tread,
Joys in Circles, Joys ſhall meet
Which way e'er thy Fancy lead.

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
(Toils of Empire Pleaſures are)
Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thoul't yield the Prize,
For the Bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

CHORUS.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

PALLAS.

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raiſe,
Waſte not thus thy youthful Days,
Piping, toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Loſt in wanton and inglorious Eaſe.

II.

Hark, hark! the glorious Voice of War
Calls aloud, for Arms prepare;
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Muſick charms the joyful Air.

[*Symphony.*]

PALLAS. AIR.

O what Joys does Conqueſt yield!
When returning from the Field,
Oh how glorious 'tis to ſee
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!
Laurel Wreaths his Head ſurrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind;
Fame her golden Trumpet ſounding,
Every Voice in Chorus join'd;
To me, kind Swain, the Prize reſign,
And Fame and Conqueſt ſhall be thine.

CHORUS.

O how glorious 'tis to ſee,
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!

[*Symphony.*]

VENUS.

Stay, lovely Youth, delay thy Choice,
Take heed leſt empty Names enthral thee,
Attend to *Cytherea*'s Voice;
Lo! I who am *Love*'s Mother, call thee.
Far from thee be anxious Care:
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great,
Empire's but a gilded Snare,
And fickle is the Warrior's Fate;
One only Joy Mankind can know,
And *Love* alone can that beſtow.

CHORUS.

One only Joy, &c.

VENUS. AIR.

I.

Nature fram'd thee ſure for Loving,
Thus adorn'd with every Grace;
Venus' *ſelf thy Form approving,*
Looks with Pleaſure on thy Face.

II. *Happy*

II.

Happy Nymph who ſhall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms!
Should bright Helen *once behold thee,*
She'd ſurrender all her Charms.

III.

Faireſt ſhe, all Nymphs tranſcending,
That the Sun himſelf has ſeen;
Were ſhe for the Crown contending,
Thou would'ſt own her Beauty's Queen.

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love *himſelf thy Conqueſt aiding,*
Thou that matchleſs Fair ſhalt gain.

PARIS.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And ceaſe, O ceaſe th' enchanting Song;
All *Love*'s Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.

AIR.

Forbear, O Goddeſs of Deſire,
Thus my raviſh'd Soul to move,
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

[Here *Paris* gives to *Venus* the golden Apple.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves;
Hither all ye Hours reſort,
Billing Sparrows, cooing Doves;
Come all the Train of Venus' *Court.*
Sing all great Cytherea's *Name;*
Over Empire, over Fame,
Her Victory proclaim.
Sing and ſpread the joyful News around,
The Queen of Love is Queen of Beauty crown'd.

FINIS.

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

A N O D E.

Wrote in Honour of St. *CECILIA,*

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

And an additional New Act, call'd

The CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Both Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand.*

MDCCLI.

[Price One Shilling.]

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

ACT *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the Royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike Son:
Aloft, in awful State,
The God like Heroe ſate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound:
So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be crown'd.
The lovely *Thais* by his Side
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky:
And heav'nly Joys inſpire.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty *Love*)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender Waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of Himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

AIR.

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod:
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres,

RECITATIVE.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus*, then, the ſweet Muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus*, ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
Fluſh'd with a Purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
Now give the Hautboys Breath; He comes! he comes!

AIR.

Bacchus, *ever Fair, and Young,*
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

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RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the Slain:
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe.

AIR.

He ſung Darius *Great and Good,*
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

RECI-

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

CHORUS, *repeated.*

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

End of the First Act.

ACT *the* SECOND.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

NOW ſtrike the Golden Lyre again;
A louder yet --- and yet a louder Strain;
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

CHORUS.

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And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! ---- the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead:
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.

AIR.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus *cries,*
See the Furies ariſe,
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

AIR

AIR.

Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Thoſe are Grecian *Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,*
And unbury'd, remain
Inglorious on the Plain.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew:
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hoſtile Gods!

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The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

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Thais *led the way,*
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And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

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While Organs yet were mute,
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And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventreſs of the Vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.

Your Voices tune, and raiſe them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted Sky
The bleſt *Cecilia*'s Name:
Muſick to Heav'n and Her we owe,
The greateſt Bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her Fame.

DUET.

Let's imitate her Notes above;
And may this Ev'ning ever prove
Sacred to Harmony and Love.

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RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

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End of the Ode.

[A new Concerto on the Organ.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Interlude is chiefly extracted from an excellent Poem upon the Subject publiſh'd in Mr. Spenſer's Polymetis, *and ſince reprinted in the Third Volume of Mr.* Dodſley's Miſcellany; *no other Variation being made in the Metre than what the nature of* Air *and* Recitative *demanded; and no further Addition to the Senſe than what the different Method or Plan of the Performance required.*

PERSONS.

VIRTUE.

PLEASURE.

HERCULES.

Chorus *of* Virtue's *Attendants.*

Chorus *of* Pleaſure's *Attendants.*

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

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Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

To which is added,

The CORONATION ANTHEMS.

As Performed at the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden.*

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

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And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul,
The various Turns of Chance below,
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Behold Darius *Great and Good,*
Fallen, welt'ring in his Blood;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to close his Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

AIR.

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour, but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais *sits beside thee,*
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
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AIR.

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Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:

At length with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

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End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

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And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
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The greateſt Bleſſing that's below;
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Let's imitate her Notes above;
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Sacred to Harmony and Love.

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Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

FINIS.



CORONATION ANTHEMS.

Compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

I.

LET thy Hand be ſtrengthened, and thy right Hand be exalted.

Let Juſtice and Judgment be the Preparation of thy Seat: Let Mercy and Truth go before thy Face. *Hallelujah.*

II.

The King ſhall rejoice in thy Strength, O Lord. Exceeding glad ſhall he be of thy Salvation. Glory and great Worſhip haſt thou laid upon him. Thou haſt prevented him with the Bleſſings of Goodneſs, and haſt ſet a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head. *Hallelujah.*

III.

My Heart is inditing of a good Matter, I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the King.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women: Upon thy Right-hand did ſtand the Queen in Veſture of Gold.

And the King ſhall have Pleaſure in thy Beauty. Kings ſhall be thy nurſing Fathers, and Queens thy nurſing Mothers.

IV.

IV.

Zadock the Prieſt, and *Nathan* the Prophet, anointed *Solomon* King.

And all the People rejoiced and ſaid, God ſave the King, long live the King; may the King live for ever. *Amen. Hallelujah.*

FINIS.

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ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

As Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In COVENT-GARDEN.

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ACT THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

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By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft, in awful ſtate,
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound:
So ſhou'd deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming eaſtern bride.
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

AIR.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheous plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky:
And heav'nly joys inſpire.

RECIT: accompanied.

The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime, on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the worl

CHO

CHORUS.

The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around.
A preſent Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

AIR.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affect to nod:
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

RECITATIVE,

The Praiſe of Bacchus, then, the ſweet muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face;
Now give the houtboys breath; he comes! he comes!

AIR.

Bacchus, ever fair, and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' Bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

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Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And trice he routed all his foes, and trice he ſlew the ſlain;
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

RECIT. accompanied.

He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe.

AIR.

He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood.

Deſerted

Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies.
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul,
The various turns of chance below,
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius great and good,
Fall'n, welt'ring in his blood;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

RECIT: accompanied.

Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures.
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.

AIR.

A I R.

War, he ſung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
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Fighting ſtill, and ſtill diſtroying;
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Think, O think it worth enjoying.

C H O R U S.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the Cauſe.

A I R.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
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CHORUS repeated.

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End of the Firſt Act.

ACT the SECOND.

RECIT. accompanied.

NOW ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet --- and yet a louder ſtrain;
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! --- the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead;
And amaz'd he ſtares around.

AIR.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!

AIR.

Behold a gaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.

RECIT. accompanied.

Give the vengence due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy.

AIR.

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHO-

CHORUS.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
nd the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
nd like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

RECIT. accompanied.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to the breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
ould ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt from her ſacred ſtore.
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds.
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
ith Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.

Your voices tune, and raiſe them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted ſky
The bleſt Cecilia's name:
Muſic to heaven and her we owe,
The greateſt bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her fame.

DUET.

DUET.

Let's imitate her notes above;
And may this ev'ning ever prove
Sacred to harmony and love.

RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

FINIS.

CORONATION ANTHEM.

Compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

I.

LET thy hand be ſtrengthened, and thy right hand be exalted.

Let juſtice and judgment be the preparation of thy ſeat: Let mercy and truth go before thy face. Hallelujah.

II.

The king ſhall rejoice in thy ſtrength, O Lord. Exceeding glad ſhall he be of thy ſalvation. Glory and great worſhip haſt thou laid upon him. Thou haſt preſented him with the bleſſings of goodneſs, and haſt ſet a crown of pure gold upon his head. Hallelujah.

III.

My heart is inditing of a good matter, I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable women: upon thy right-hand did ſtand the queen in veſture of gold.

And the king ſhall have pleaſure in thy beauty. Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and queens thy nurſing mothers.

IV.

Zadock the prieſt, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king.

And all the people rejoiced and ſaid, God ſave the king, long live the king, may the king live for ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

FINIS.

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

By *MILTON.*

And a Song for St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

By *DRYDEN.*

Set to Muſick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

[Price One Shilling.]

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

PART *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!
Find out ſome uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-Raven ſings:

There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Desert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Hence! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in some idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay Motes that People the Sun-beams;
Or likest hovering Dreams,
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* Train.

AIR.

L'All. *Come, thou Goddess, fair and free,*
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne;
And by Men Heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Sister-Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore.*

AIR.

Il Pen. *Come rather, Goddess, sage and holy;*
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose Saintly Visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of Human Sight;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta *long of Yore,*
To solitary Saturn *bore.*

AIR.

AIR.

L'All. *Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

CHORUS.

Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

AIR.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain
Flowing with majeſtick Train.

AIR.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and muſing Gaite;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine Eyes.

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft' with Gods doth diet.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Hence loathed Melancholy!
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſert ever dwell.
But haſte thee, *Mirth*, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet *Liberty*.
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free:
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull Night:
Then to come in ſpite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. First, and chief, on golden Wing,
The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
And the mute *Silence* hist along,
'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song;
In her sweeteſt, saddeſt Plight,
Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

AIR.

Sweet Bird, that ſhun'ſt the Noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, Chauntreſs, oft' the Woods among,
I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To liſten how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouze the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the Side of ſome hoar Hill,
Thro' the high Wood echoing ſhrill.

AIR.

AIR.

Il Pen. *Oft' on a Plat of rising Ground*
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen Roar;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Let me wander, not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
There the Ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.

AIR.

AIR.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the checker'd Shade.

CHORUS.

And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a Sunſhine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the Day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART *the* SECOND.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp, at midnight Hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forsook
Her Mansion in this fleshly Nook.

AIR.

But O! sad Virgin, that thy Power;
Might raise Musæus *from his Bower;*
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus *sing*
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's *Cheek,*
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft' see me in thy pale Career,
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

AIR.

L'All. *Populous Cities please me then,*
And the busy Hum of Men.

CHORUS.

Populous Cities please us then,
And the busy Hum of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;
With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen *oft' appear*
In Saff'ron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Masque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer-Eves, by haunted Stream.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in cloſe Covert, by ſome Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

AIR.

Hide me from Day's gariſh Eye,
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With ſuch Concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious Dream
Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, ſweet Muſick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

L'All. *I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,*
If Johnſon's *learned Sock be on;*
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *Fancy's Child,*
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

AIR.

AIR.

And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian *Airs:*
Sooth me with immortal Verſe,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes, with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetneſs long drawn out;
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melting Voice through Mazes running,
Untwiſting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.

AIR.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with Thee I mean to live.*

CHORUS.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with Thee we mean to live.*

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſter's Pale;
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's maſſy Proof;
And ſtory'd Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious Light.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below,
In Service high, and Anthem clear;

SOLO.

And let their Sweetneſs through mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.

AIR.

Theſe Pleaſures Melancholy give,
And I with Thee will chooſe to live.

CHORUS.

Theſe Pleaſures Melancholy give,
And we with Thee will chooſe to live.

A SONG.

FOR

St. *CECILIA*'s DAY.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Univerſal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Ariſe ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This Univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The Diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

AIR 1.

What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*
When Jubal *ſtruck the corded Shell,*
His liſt'ning Brethren ſtood around
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worſhip that Celeſtial Sound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly, and ſo well.
What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*

AIR 2.

The TRUMPET's *loud Clangor*
Excites us to Arms
With ſhrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms,
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

AIR.

AIR 3.

The ſoft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes diſcovers
The Woes of hopeleſs Lovers,
Whoſe Dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling LUTE.

AIR 4.

Sharp VIOLINS *proclaim*
Their jealous Pangs, and Deſperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Paſſion,
For the fair, diſdainful Dame.

AIR 5.

But, oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The ſacred ORGAN's *Praiſe?*
Notes inſpiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To join the Choirs above.

AIR 6.

Orpheus *could lead the Savage Race:*
And Trees, unrooted, left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre:

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r;
When to her ORGAN, Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's Praiſe
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The TRUMPET *ſhall be heard on high,*
The Dead ſhall live, the Living die,
And MUSICK *ſhall untune the Sky.*

FINIS.

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L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

By *MILTON.*

Set to Muſick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

LONDON:
Printed for the Executors of J. WATTS, and ſold by T. LOWNDES in *Fleet-Street.*
[Price One Shilling.]

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

PART *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!
Find out ſome uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-Raven ſings:
There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſert ever dwell.

RE-

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Il. Pen. Hence! vaid deluding Joys,
Dwell in ſome idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with guady Shapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay Motes that people the Sun-beams;
Or likeſt hovering Dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus'* Train.

AIR.

L'All. Come, thou Goddeſs, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphroſyne*;
And by Men Heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a Birth,
With two Siſter-Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore.

AIR.

Il. Pen. Come rather, Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe Saintly Viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of Human Sight;
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore,
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore.

AIR.

L'All. Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;

Quips,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

CHORUS.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

AIR.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe,

CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Il. Pen. Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkest Grain
Flowing with majestic Train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and muſing Gaite;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine Eyes.

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft' with Gods doth diet.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Hence, loathed Melancholy!
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſert ever dwell.
But haſte thee, *Mirth*, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet *Liberty*.
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free:
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull Night:
Then to come in ſpite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.

RECITATIVE.

Il. Pen. Firſt, and chief, on golden Wing,
The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
And the mute *Silence* hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song;
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt Plight,
Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

AIR.

Sweet Bird, that ſhun'ſt the Noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, Chauntreſs, oft' the Woods among,
I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.
Or, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
O'er the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon
Riding near her higheſt Noon.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To liſten how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouze the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the Side of ſome hoar Hill,
Thro' the high Wood echoing ſhrill.

AIR.

Il. Pen. Oft' on a Plat of rising Ground
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen Roar:
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

DUETT.

As steals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the Shades away,
So Truth does Fancy's Charms dissolve,
And rising Reason puts to flight
The Fumes that did the Mind involve,
Restoring intellectual Day.

AIR.

Let me wander, not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
There the Ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land;

And

And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.

AIR.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the checker'd Shade.

CHORUS.

And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a Sunſhine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the Day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART *the* SECOND.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp, at midnight Hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forsook
Her Mansion in this fleshly Nook.

AIR.

But O! sad Virgin, that thy Power;
Might raise *Musæus* from his Bower;
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down *Pluto*'s Cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

Thus

RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft' ſee me in thy pale Career,
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

AIR.

L'All. Populous Cities pleaſe me then,
And the buſy Hum of Men.

CHORUS.

Populous Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy Hum of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let *Hymen* oft' appear
In Saff'ron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves, by haunted Stream.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Il. Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling,
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in cloſe Covert, by ſome Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

AIR.

Hide me from Day's gariſh Eye,
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With ſuch Concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious Dream
Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, ſweet Muſick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

L'All. I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnſon*'s learned Sock be on;
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpeare*, Fancy's Child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

AIR.

AIR.

And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Airs:
Sooth me with immortal Verſe,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes, with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetneſs long drawn out;
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melting Voice through Mazes running,
Untwiſting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.

AIR.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with Thee I mean to live.

CHORUS.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with Thee we mean to live.

AIR.

L'All. Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,

Such as hang on *Hebe*'s Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

CHORUS.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

RECITATIVE.

Il. Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloyster's Pale;
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's massy Proof;
And story'd Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious Light,

CHORUS.

There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below,
In Service high, and Anthem clear;

SOLO.

SOLO.

And let their Sweetneſs through mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.

AIR.

Theſe Pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

CHORUS.

Theſe Pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And we with Thee will chooſe to live.

FINIS.

A N T H E M,

By Mr. H A N D E L.

P S A L M LI.

VERSE 1. THREE VOICES.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodneſs; according to the Multitude of thy Mercies do away mine offences.

VERSE 2. TWO VOICES.

Waſh me thoroughly from my Weakneſs: and cleanſe me from my Sin.

VERSE 3. SOLO.

For I acknowledge my Faults: and my Sin is ever before me.

VERSE 4.

Againſt thee only have I ſinned, and done this Evil in thy Sight; that thou mighteſt be juſtified in thy ſaying, and clear where thou art judged.

VERSE 8. CHORUS.

Thou ſhalt make me hear of Joy and Gladneſs: that the Bones which thou haſt broken may rejoice.

VERSE 10. SOLO.

Make me a clean Heart, O God: and renew a right Spirit within me; caſt me not away from thy Preſence: and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

VERSE 12.

O give me the Comfort of thy Help again: and ſtabliſh me with thy free Spirit.

VERSE 13. CHORUS.

Then ſhall I teach thy Ways unto the wicked: and Sinners ſhall be converted unto thee.

M 2 10
ICMC 352369

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

By *MILTON.*

Set to Muſick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

SARUM:

Printed by B. COLLINS, on the *New Canal.*

M.DCC.L.

[Price Six-Pence.]

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

PART *the* FIRST.

A CONCERTO for ſeveral Inſtruments.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!
Find out ſome uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-Raven ſings:

There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Hence! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in ſome idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay Motes that People the Sun-beams;
Or likeſt hovering Dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus'* Train.

AIR.

L'All. *Come, thou Goddeſs, fair and free,*
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne;
And by Men Heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Siſter-Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore.*

AIR.

Il Pen. *Come rather, Goddeſs, ſage and holy;*
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe Saintly Viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human Sight;
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta *long of Yore,*
To ſolitary Saturn *bore.*

AIR.

AIR.

L'All. *Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

CHORUS.

Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

AIR.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain
Flowing with majeſtick Train. AIR.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and muſing Gaite;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine Eyes.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

There held in holy Paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to Marble 'till
With a ſad leaden downward Caſt
Thou fix them on the Earth as faſt.

AIR.

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft' with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a Ring
Round about JOVE's *Altar ſing.*

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft' with God doth diet.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Hence loathed Melancholy!
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſert ever dwell.
But haſte thee, *Mirth*, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet *Liberty*.

RECITATIVE.

And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free :
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And ſinging, ſtartle the dull Night :
Then to come in ſpite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. Firſt, and chief, on golden Wing,
The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
And the mute *Silence* hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song;
In her ſweeteſt, ſadeſt Plight,
Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

AIR.

Sweet Bird, that ſhun'ſt the Noiſe of Folly,
Moſt Muſical, moſt Melancholy!
Thee, Chawntreſs, oft' the Woods among,
I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.
Or, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon
Riding near her higheſt Noon.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To liſten how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouze the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the Side of ſome hoar Hill,
Thro' the high Wood echoing ſhrill.

AIR.

Il Pen. *Oft' on a Plat of riſing Ground*
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging ſlow, with ſullen Roar :
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.

AIR.

Far from all Reſort of Mirth,
Save the Cricket on the Hearth,
Or the Bell-man's drowſy Charm,
To bleſs the Doors from nightly Harm.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

AIR.

Let me wander, not unſeen
By hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
There the Ploughmen near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every ſhepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.

AIR.

☞ Turn over to Page 14, and read only the Firſt AIR, and RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the checker'd ſhade;

CHORUS.

And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a ſunſhine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the Day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

The END of the Firſt Part.

PART *the* SECOND.

A CONCERTO for ſeveral Inſtruments.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp at Midnight Hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unſphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forſook
Her Manſion in this fleſhly Nook.

AIR.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall come ſweeping by,

Pre-

Preſenting Thebes, *or* Pelops' *Line,*
Or the Tale of Troy *divine:*
Or what, tho' rare of later Age,
Enobled hath the Buskin'd Stage.

AIR.

But O! ſad Virgin, that thy Power
Might raiſe Muſæus *from his Bower;*
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus *ſing*
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's *Cheek,*
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft ſee me in thy pale Career,
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Populous Cities pleaſe me then,
And the buſy Humm of Men.

CHORUS.

Populous Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy Humm of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;
With ſtore of Ladies whoſe bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen *oft' appear*
In Saffron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer-Eves, by haunted Stream.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me, Goddeſs bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in cloſe Covert, by ſome Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

AIR.

Hide me from Day's gariſh Eye,
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With ſuch Concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious Dream
Wave at his wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.

Then

Then, as I wake, ſweet Muſick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

L' All. *I'll to the well-trod ſtage anon,*
If Johnſon's *learned Sock be on;*
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *Fancy's Child,*
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale;
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's maſſy Proof;
And ſtory'd Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious Light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthem clear;

SOLO.

And let their ſweetneſs through mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.

AIR.

AIR.

Straight mine Eye hath caught new Pleaſures,
While the Landſcape round it meaſures
Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling Flocks do ſtray.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Mountains, on whoſe barren Breaſt
The lab'ring Clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with Daiſies pied,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Tow'rs and Battlements it ſees,
Boſom'd high in tufted trees.

AIR.

[Orpheus *himſelf may heave his Head*
From golden Slumber on a Bed
Of heap'd Elyſian *Flow'rs, and hear*
Such ſtrains as would have won the Ear
Of Pluto, *to have quite ſet free*
His half-regain'd Eurydice.]

AIR.

May at laſt my weary Age
Find out the peaceful Hermitage,

The

The hairy Gown, and moſſy Cell,
Where I way ſit, and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And ev'ry Herb that ſips the Dew.

AIR.

And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian *Airs:*
Sooth me with immortal Verſe,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes, with many a winding Bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out;
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melting Voice through Mazes running,
Untwiſting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.

AIR.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with Thee I mean to live.*

CHORUS.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with Thee we mean to live.*

FINIS.

IL MODERATO.

PART *the* THIRD.

A CONCERTO on the ORGAN.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

HENCE! boaſt not, ye Prophane,
Of vainly fancy'd, little taſted Pleaſure,
Purſu'd beyond all Meaſure,
And by its own Exceſs transform'd to Pain.

AIR.

Come, with native Luſtre ſhine,
Moderation, *Grace Divine;*
Whom the wiſe God of nature gave,
Mad Mortals from themſelves to ſave.
Keep, as of old, the Middle-way,
Nor deeply ſad, nor idly gay;
But ſtill the ſame in Look and Gaite,
Eaſy, chearful, and ſedate.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Sweet *Temp'rance* in thy Right-hand bear,
With her let roſy *Health* appear;
And in thy Left *Contentment* true,
Whom headlong *Paſſion* never knew.
Frugality by *Bounty*'s Side,
Faſt Friends, tho' oft as Foes bely'd;
Chaſte *Love*, by *Reaſon* led ſecure,
With Joys ſincere, and Pleaſures pure;
Happy Life, from Heav'n deſcending,
Crowds of ſmiling Years attending.

CHORUS.

All this Company ſerene,
Join to fill thy beauteous Train.

AIR.

Come, with gentle Hand reſtrain
Theſe who fondly Court their Bane;
One Extreme with Caution ſhunning,
To another blindly running.
Kindly teach, how bleſt are they
Who Nature's *equal Rules obey;*
Who ſafely ſteer two Rocks between,
And prudent keep the Golden Mean.

RECITATIVE.

No more ſhort Life they then will ſpend,
In ſtraying farther from its End;
In frantic Mirth, and childiſh Play,
In Dance and Revels Night and Day;
Or elſe like lifeleſs Statues ſeeming,
Ever muſing, moping, dreaming.

AIR.

Each Action will derive new Grace
From Order, Meaſure, Time, and Place;
'Till Life, *the goodly Structure, riſe*
In due Proportion to the Skies.

L'Allegro *and* Penſeroſo.

As ſteals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the Shades away;
So Truth *does* Fancy's *Charms diſſolve,*
And riſing reaſon puts to flight
The Fumes that did the Mind involve,
Reſtoring intellectual Day.

CHORUS.

The Pleaſures, Moderation, *give;*
In them alone we truly live.

FINIS.

L4/11
RCM 352370

DEBORAH.

A N

ORATORIO:

O R

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

KING'S THEATRE *in the* Hay-Market.

The MUSICK Compos'd by Mr. *HANDEL.*

The Words by Mr. *HUMPHREYS.*

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields:* And are to be had at the KING'S THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.* 1733.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DEBORAH.

BARAK.

ABINÓAM.

SISERA.

JAEL.

Firſt Iſraelite *Woman.*

Second Iſraelite *Woman.*

Third Iſraelite *Woman.*

Chief Prieſt of the Iſraelites.

Chief Prieſt of Baal.

Chorus of Prieſts and Iſraelites.

Chorus of the Prieſts of Baal.



TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

HOW much ſoever Mankind may vary in their Opinions on difficult Points of Speculation, they all confeſs, with a perfect Unanimity, That the polite Arts are favour'd by Your Majeſty, with the Approbation and Patronage of the Greateſt and Beſt of QUEENS.

The many amiable Inſtances of Your Majeſty's condeſcending Regard to the *Muſes*, in particular, inſpired one of the humbleſt of their Admirers with an ardent Ambition to grace this *Drama* with Your Majeſty's ſacred Name.

Had I been able, MADAM, to have repreſented *Deborah*, acting for the Happineſs of her People, with half the Luſtre that diffuſes itſelf around Your Majeſty's Conduct, I might then have congratulated my ſelf for drawing ſo excellent a Portraiture; but if a much greater Maſter had employed his

his Abilities on this Occaſion, he would have been ſenſible, like my ſelf, by the Event, that he had only ſhewn how much the *Jewiſh* Heroine is tranſcended by *BRITANNIA's* QUEEN.

Could I hope, MADAM, to improve my inconſiderable Talent in Poetry to that Perfection, as would enable me to paint the ſhining Character of Your Majeſty in a juſt Light, I ſhould be indefatigable in cultivating my Propenſity to the *Muſes*, becauſe I am perſuaded that whenever a happy Genius ſhall exert itſelf ſuitably to ſuch a Subject, he may venture to promiſe Immortality to his Production.

But, tho' I acknowledge my ſelf infinitely inferiour in ſuch an Attempt to many of my Contemporaries, yet I humbly implore Your Majeſty's Permiſſion to declare, that I am not exceeded, by any of my Fellow-Subjects, in the Loyalty and Veneration with which I have the Honour to be,

MADAM,

Your MAJESTY's

moſt dutiful,

and moſt obedient

Subject and Servant,

SAMUEL HUMPHREYS.

DEBORAH.

AN

Omitted in the Performance.

In Page 4. The laſt *Recitative* and *Chorus*.
In Page 5. The *Invocation*, *Chorus*, the two laſt Lines of *Deborah*'s *Recitative*, and the *Chorus* following.
In Page 6. The four laſt Lines of *Recitative*.
In Page 9. The *Chorus*.
In Page 12. The firſt *Air*.
In Page 13. The four firſt Lines of *Recitative* after the firſt *Chorus*, and likewiſe the *Chorus* at the End of the Page.
In Page 14. The two firſt Lines of *Recitative*.
In Page 15. The two firſt Lines of *Recitative*, and the *Air* following.
In Page 19. All the *Recitative* before the *Air*.
In Page 20. The firſt *Air*.

(44/1)

I

Whoſe Wonders all around us riſe;
Whoſe Anger, when it awful glows,
To ſwift Perdition dooms thy Foes.
O grant a Leader to our Hoſt,
Whoſe Name, with Honour, we may boaſt;
Whoſe Conduct may our Cauſe maintain,
And break our proud Oppreſſors Chain.

RECIT.

Deb. O *Barak*, favour'd of the Skies!
O Son of *Abinóam* riſe!

his Abilities on this Occaſion, he would have been ſenſible, like my ſelf, by the Event, that he had only ſhewn how much the *Jewiſh* Heroine is tranſcended by *BRITANNIA*'s QUEEN.

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Your MAJESTY's

moſt dutiful,

and moſt obedient

Subject and Servant,

SAMUEL HUMPHREYS.

DEBORAH.

AN

ORATORIO:

OR

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ISRAELITES, OFFICERS, *and Chorus of* ISRAELITE PRIESTS.

GRAND CHORUS.

IMMORTAL Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whose Wonders all around us rise;
Whose Anger, when it awful glows,
To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes.
O grant a Leader to our Host,
Whose Name, with Honour, we may boast;
Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain,
And break our proud Oppressors Chain.

RECIT.

Deb. O *Barak*, favour'd of the Skies!
O Son of *Abinóam* rise!

Heaven, by thy Arm, his People ſaves,
And dooms our Tyrants for our Slaves.
Bar. O *Deborah!* with wiſe Prediction bleſs'd,
To whom Futurity ſtands forth confeſs'd,
Will Heaven on me a Gift ſo great beſtow,
And grace the meaneſt of his Servants ſo!

DUETT.

Bar. *Where would thy Ardours raiſe me!*
How ſhall I ſoar to Fame!
Will then my Conduct praiſe me,
And thus adorn my Name!

Deb. *Truſt in the God that fires thee,*
To vindicate our Laws;
Act now, as he inſpires thee,
Thou ſhalt revive our Cauſe.

CHORUS.

Forbear thy Doubts! to Arms! away!
Thy God commands, do thou obey.

RECIT.

Bar. Since Heaven has thus its Will expreſs'd,
Submiſſion, now, becomes me beſt:
But, ere we ſtand in Arms aray'd,
O Propheteſs implore his Aid!
And let uniting *Judah* join,
To ſupplicate the Power Divine.

CHORUS.

For ever, to the Voice of Prayer,
Jehovah *lends a gracious Ear.*

The INVOCATION.

Deb. *By that adorable Decree,*
That Chaos cloath'd with Symmetry;
By that reſiſtleſs Power that made
Refulgent Brightneſs ſtart from Shade;
That ſtill'd contending Atoms Striſe,
And ſpoke Creation into Life;
O thou ſupreme tranſcendent Lord!
Thy Succours to our Cries accord!

CHORUS.

Oh hear thy lowly Servants Prayer!
And grant them thy propitious Care!

RECIT.

Deb. Ye Sons of *Iſrael*, ceaſe your Fears,
Jehovah your Petition hears:
The impious Chief of *Canaan*'s Hoſt,
Who made our Fall his daring Boaſt,
Shall periſh on the crimſon Sand,
Ignobly by a Woman's Hand.

CHORUS.

O blaſt, with thy tremendous Brow,
The Tyrants that inſult us now.

RECIT.

Bar. To whomſoe'er his Fate the Boaſter owes,
My Breaſt no Pangs of pining Envy knows.

Thy

Thy lovely Sex, O *Deborah!* may claim
Equal Prerogative with Man in Fame:
And none, but Savage Breasts alone,
Their charming Merit can disown.

AIR.

How lovely is the blooming Fair,
Whose Beauty Virtue's Laws refine!
She well may claim our softest Care,
For sure she almost seems divine.

SCENE II.

Enter JAEL.

Jael. O *Deborah!* where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
Grim Scenes of War in all their Horrors rise.
O grant me! in my green Retreat,
Where Solitude has fix'd her Seat,
To live in Peace, sequester'd far
From dire Alarms and sanguine War.
Deb. Hear me then, *Jael!* let no Fear
Of proud Hostility thy Peace impair;
For Heaven has made thee its peculiar Care.
Thy Virtue, ere the close of Day,
Shall shine with such a bright Display,
That thou shalt be, by all, confess'd
Thy Sex's Pride divinely bless'd.

AIR

AIR.

Choirs of Angels, all around thee
Watchful wait in radiant Throngs;
No Oppreſſion ſhall confound thee,
Thou art guarded from all Wrongs.

RECIT.

Jael. My Tranſports are too great to tell;
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell.
God does not only condeſcend
My Life, from Danger, to defend,
But keeps for me ſuch Joys in ſtore,
Ambition could not ask for more.

AIR.

To Joy he brightens my Deſpair,
No riſing Pangs my Peace controul;
He guards me, with a Father's Care,
And pours his Mercies on my Soul.

SCENE III.

ABINÓAM, DEBORAH, BARAK, *&c.*

RECIT.

Abin. Barak, my Son, the joyful Sound,
Of Acclamations all around,
Gives me to know the glorious Weight of Cares,
God for thy Fortitude prepares.

Swift

Swift may thy Virtue *Judah's* Hopes outrun,
And make thy Father boaſt of ſuch a Son.

AIR.

Awake the Ardour of thy Breaſt,
For Victory, or Death, prepare;
Let all thy Virtue ſhine confeſs'd,
And leave the reſt to Heaven's Care:

Should Conqueſt crown thee in the Field,
Be humble; or if Death's thy Doom,
Thy Life with Reſignation yield,
And Crowds will envy thee thy Tomb.

RECIT.

Bar. I go, where Heaven and Duty call,
Prepar'd to conquer or to fall.

AIR.

All Dangers diſdaining,
For Battle I glow:
Our Glory maintaining,
I'll ruſh on the Foe.
Tho' Death all around me,
Stalks dreadfully pale,
No Fear ſhall confound me,
My Cauſe will prevail.

CHORUS.

Let thy Deeds be glorious,
And thy right Hand victorious.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Herald from the Camp of SISERA.

Her. My Charge is to declare
From *Siſera*, a Name renown'd in War,
That he with Indignation knows,
How you preſume to be his Foes:
Yet ſuch Compaſſion in his Boſom reigns,
That ere he galls ye with redoubled Chains,
He condeſcends to offer theſe your Chiefs
An Interview, that he may learn your Griefs;
And the ſad Waſte of Humane Blood to ſave,
Will grant you all that Slaves may dare to crave.
Bar. Proud Infidels!-----Go, let the Boaſter hear,
He breathes no Wrath we condeſcend to fear:
Tell him, beſides, that *Judah* now prepares
For Interview or Battle, as he dares! [*Exit Herald.*

SCENE V.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, *&c.*

Deb. Let him approach pacifick, or in Rage;
We in the Cauſe of Liberty engage:
Bar. Whilſt that bright Motive in our Boſoms glows
We dread no Menace, and we ſhun no Foes.

CHORUS.

Deſpair all around them,
Shall ſwiftly confound them,
Whilſt Tranſports of Joy
Our Praiſe ſhall employ. Hallelujah.

PART II. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, JAEL, Iſraelite *Women, Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts, and* SISERA *attended by a Chorus of the Prieſts of* Baal.

Chorus of *Iſraelite* Prieſts.

SEE *the proud Chief advances now,*
With ſullen March and gloomy Brow:
Jacob, *ariſe! aſſert thy God!*
And ſcorn Oppreſſion's Iron Rod!

Enter SISERA.

SCENE II.

RECIT.

Sif. That here rebellious Arms I ſee,
Proud *Deborah,* proceeds from thee!
But wouldſt thou, yet, thy vain Ambition ceaſe,
Whilſt our affronted Mercy offers Peace,
Bow down ſubmiſſive, ere th' impending Blow
Lays thee and all thy loſt Aſſociates low.

AIR.

At my Feet extended low,
Favour by thy Tears engage:
Or thou ſoon ſhalt, trembling, know,
Slighted Mercy turns to Rage.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Deb. Go frown, Barbarian, where thou'rt fear'd!
None, but our God, is here rever'd;
Our Breasts his Inspiration warms,
To vindicate our Cause by Arms:
And, to thy Ruin, thou shalt know
What 'tis to find that God thy Foe.

AIR.

In Jehovah's awful Sight,
Haughty Tyrants are but Dust:
Those, who glory in their Might,
Place in Vanity their Trust.

RECIT.

Sis. Yes, how your God in Wonders can excel,
Your low Captivity demonstrates well.

AIR.

Tho' you boast the wond'rous Story,
Of your God's transcendent Glory,
Has he freed you from our Chain?
Think, O think, to your Confusion,
All you trust in is Illusion,
All your flattering Hopes are vain!

AIR.

Bar. *Impious Mortal, ceaſe to brave us,*
Great Jehovah ſoon will ſave us,
And his Time we wait with Pleaſure:
All his People he'll defend,
And on their Oppreſſors ſend
Plagues and Vengeance without Meaſure.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Baal. Behold the Nations all around,
What God like *Baal* is renown'd?
To him your ſtubborn Tribes would bow,
Did but the Slaves their Duty know.

Chorus of *Baal*'s Prieſts.

O Baal! *Monarch of the Skies!*
To whom unnumber'd Temples riſe!
From thee the Sun, immenſely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant Robes of Light:
By thee with Stars the Heavens glow,
The Ocean ſwells, and Rivers flow;
The Vales with Verdure are aray'd,
The Flowers perfume, the Thickets ſhade:
And 'tis, by the Event, confeſs'd
Thy Votaries alone are bleſs'd.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. No more! ye Infidels, no more!
Falſe is the God whom ye adore;

A dull,

A dull, brute Idol, whoſe deteſted Shrine,
None, but ſuch Wretches, can believe divine.

Chorus of *Iſraelites*, &c.

Lord of Eternity! who haſt in ſtore
Plagues for the Proud, and Mercy for the Poor;
Look down! look down! from thy celeſtial Throne,
And let the Terrors of thy Wrath be known!
Plead thy juſt Cauſe, thy awful Pow'r diſcloſe,
Avenge thy Servants, and confound their Foes!

RECIT.

Deb. By his great Name, and his alone, [*To* Siſera *and his Prieſts.*
Whoſe Deity ye dare diſown,
Whoſe kindled Wrath ye ſoon ſhall know,
Will prove him a tremendous Foe.
Fly, I conjure ye, from this Place,
Too ſacred for a Throng ſo baſe!
Siſ. We go, but ye ſhall quickly mourn,
In Tears of Blood, our dire Return.

Deborah. *All your Boaſts will end in Woe.*
Siſera. *Farewel, deſpicable Foe.*
Prieſt of *Baal*. *Mighty* Baal's *Aid we crave.*
Barak. Baal *has no Power to ſave.*
Chorus of *Baal*'s Prieſts. Baal's *Power ye ſoon ſhall know.*
Chorus of *Iſraelites*. *Poor deluded Mortals go!*

RECIT.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. Away! unhallow'd Slaves, away!
Your Preſence here defiles the Day.

[*Exeunt* Siſera *and* Prieſts of *Baal.*

Bar. Great Propheteſs! my Soul's on Fire,
To execute the Ardours you inſpire;
O that the Fight were now begun!
My Father ſhould not bluſh to call me Son.

AIR.

In the Battle Fame purſuing,
We'll with Slaughter float the Plains:
And our Tyrants, low in Ruin,
Soon ſhall wear their Captive's Chains.

RECIT.

Abin. Thy Ardours warm the Winter of my Age,
Its Weakneſs ſtrengthen, and its Pains aſſwage.
And well doſt thou our impious Foes deride;
Juſtice is thine, and God is on thy Side.

AIR.

Swift Inundation,
Of Deſolation,
Pour on the Nation
Of Judah's *Foes.*
Can Fame delight thee?
Can Heaven invite thee?
They now invite thee
To end our Woes.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Iſraelite Woman. Oh *Judah*, with what Joy I ſee
The Bleſſings Heaven reſerves for thee!

AIR.

No more, diſconſolate, I'll mourn,
No more ſad Sackcloth wear;
From Chains to Freedom we return,
To Tranſports from Deſpair.

RECIT.

Deb. Now, *Jael*, to thy Tent retire,
Our Boſoms for the Battle fire:
But know thy Solitude will thee ſupply,
With Glory that ſhall never die.

AIR.

Jael. *O the Pleaſure my Soul is poſſeſſing,*
At the Proſpect of Mercies ſo dear!
May my Boſom be ever expreſſing,
With what Rapture my God I revere!

RECIT.

Deb. Barak, we now to Battle go,
And ruſh with Ruin on the Foe.

DUET.

DUET.

Deb. *Smiling Freedom, lovely Gueſt,*
Balmy Source of ſofteſt Joy;
Mortals, by thy Aid, are bleſt
With ſuch Charms as never cloy.

Bar. *Thy dear Preſence to obtain*
(Sweetly ſoothing every Care)
Who would dread the hoſtile Plain!
Who each Danger would not dare!

CHORUS.

The great King of Kings will aid us to Day,
His Praiſes let all with Tranſport diſplay.



PART III. SCENE I.

A Grand Military Symphony.

Enter DEBORAH *and* BARAK *with the victorious Army of the* Iſraelites, *return'd from the Purſuit of the* Canaanites, *and attended with the* Iſraelite *Women. Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts, and Captives, among whom are the Prieſts of* Baal.

CHORUS *of* Iſraelites.

NOW the proud inſulting Foe,
Proſtrate in the Duſt lies low:
Broken Chariots, Hills of Slain,
Load the wide extended Plain.

RECIT.

Bar. The haughty Foe, whoſe Pride to Heaven did ſoar,
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and *Canaan* is no more.

AIR.

Iſraelite Wom. *Now ſweetly ſmiling Peace deſcends,*
And waves her downy Wings;
Each Bleſſing in her Train attends,
Each Joy around her ſprings.

SCENE II.

To them ABINÓAM.

Abin. My Prayers are heard, the Bleſſings of this Day,
All my paſt Cares and Anguiſh well repay.

The Soldiers to each other tell,
My *Barak* has perform'd his Duty well.
Bar. My honour'd Father!
Abin. O my Son! my Son!
Well has thy Youth the Race of Honour run.

AIR.

Tears, such as tender Fathers shed,
Warm from my aged Eyes descend,
For Joy to think, when I am dead,
My Son will have Mankind his Friend.

SCENE III.

To them JAEL.

RECIT.

Jael. O *Deborah!* ours Fears are o'er,
Proud *Sisera* is now no more.

CHORUS *of* Baal's *Priests.*

Doleful Tidings, how ye wound!
Despair and Death are in that Sound!

AIR.

Israelite Wom. *Our Fears are now for ever fled,*
Our Eyes no more shall flow;
Swift Vengeance has laid low the Head
Of our imperious Foe.

RECIT.

Bar. I saw the Tyrant breathless in her Tent;
Her Arm his Soul to endless Darkness sent.

But ſee, the glad Aſſembly wait to know,
How thou didſt rid them of ſo fierce a Foe:
Already thou haſt told it me;
But the Relation will pleaſe more from thee.
Jael. When from the Battle that proud Captain fled,
Vengeance divine, to my Pavilion, led
The trembling Fugitive; who, pale with Care,
Beſought me panting to conceal him there:
Flaming with Thirſt, and Anguiſh in his Look,
He ask'd for Water from the limpid Brook.
But Milk I gave him in a copious Bowl;
With Ecſtaſy he quaff'd and cool'd his Soul.
And then, with his laborious Flight oppreſt,
In ſome few Moments he ſunk down to Reſt.
Then was I conſcious Heav'n, that happy Hour,
Had plac'd the Foe of *Judah* in my Power:
The Workman's Hammer and a Nail I ſeiz'd,
And, whilſt his Limbs in deep Repoſe he eas'd,
I thro' his burſting Temples forc'd the Wound,
And riveted the Tyrant to the Ground.

AIR.

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,
All thy Inſolence is o'er;
Juſtice to thy Ruin led thee,
Thou art fall'n to riſe no more.

RECIT.

Deb. If, *Jael*, I aright divine,
When Men hereafter would proclaim,
All that is noble by one Name,
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

AIR.

AIR.

The glorious Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſhed
His beamy Treaſure from the Skies;
And Merit ſhall be Virtue's Dread,
Whene'er thy bleſs'd Memorial dies.

RECIT.

Bar. May Heav'n, with kind Profuſion, ſhed
Its choſen Joys on *Jael*'s Head!

AIR.

Low at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
And laid in Duſt his haughty Head;
And late Poſterity ſhall tell,
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.

RECIT.

Deb. O great *Jehovah!* may thy Foes
Thus periſh who thy Laws oppoſe.
But O let all, who love thy Praiſe,
And dedicate to thee their Days,
Shine like the Sun immenſely bright,
When forth he marches in his Might,
To run his radiant Race of Light.

CHORUS.

Let our glad Songs to Heaven aſcend,
For Judah's *God is* Judah's *Friend;*
O celebrate his ſacred Name,
With Gratitude his Praiſe proclaim! Hallelujah.

FINIS

L4/12
Iconia 35287

DEBORAH.

AN

ORATORIO:

OR

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

The MUSICK Compos'd by Mr. *HANDEL.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS: And Sold by B. DOD at the *Bible* and *Key* in *Ave-Mary-Lane* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1756.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Personæ.

DEBORAH.

BARAK.

ABINÓAM.

SISERA.

JAEL.

First Israelite *Woman.*

Second Israelite *Woman.*

Third Israelite *Woman.*

Chief Priest of the Israelites.

Chief Priest of Baal.

Chorus of Priests and Israelites.

Chorus of the Priests of Baal.

DEBORAH.

AN

ORATORIO:

OR

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ISRAELITES, OFFICERS, *and Chorus of* ISRAELITE PRIESTS.

GRAND CHORUS.



IMMORTAL Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whose Wonders all around us rise;
Whose Anger, when it awful glows,
To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes.
O grant a Leader to our Host,
Whose Name, with Honour, we may boast;
Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain,
And break our proud Oppressors Chain.

RECIT.

Deb. O *Barak*, favour'd of the Skies!
O Son of *Abinóam* rise!

Heaven, by thy Arm, his People ſaves,
And dooms our Tyra ts for our Slaves.
Bar. O *Deborah!* with wiſe Prediction bleſs'd,
To whom Futurity ſtands forth conſeſs'd,
Will Heaven on me a Gift ſo great beſtow,
And grace the meaneſt of his Servants ſo!

DUET.

Bar. *Where would thy Ardours raiſe me!*
How ſhall I ſoar to Fame!
Will then my Conduct praiſe me,
And thus adorn my Name!

Deb. *Truſt in the God that fires thee,*
To vindicate our Laws;
Act now, as he inſpires thee,
Thou ſhalt revive our Cauſe.

CHORUS.

Forbear thy Doubts! to Arms! away!
Thy God commands, do thou obey.

RECIT.

Bar. Since Heav'n has thus its Will expreſs'd,
Submiſſion, now, becomes me beſt:
But, ere we ſtand in Arms array'd,
O Propheteſs, implore his Aid!
And let uniting *Judah* join,
To ſupplicate the Power Divine.

The INVOCATION.

Deb. *By that adorable Decree,*
That Chaos cloath'd with Symmetry;

By that reſiſtleſs Power that made
Reſulgent Brightneſs ſtart from Shade;
That ſtill'd contending Atoms Strife,
And ſpoke Creation into Life;
O thou ſupreme tranſcendent Lord!
Thy Succours to our Cries accord!

CHORUS.

Oh hear thy lowly Servants Prayer!
And grant them thy propitious Care!

RECIT.

Deb. Ye Sons of *Iſrael*, ceaſe your Fears,
Jehovah your Petition hears:
The impious Chief of *Canaan*'s Hoſt,
Who made our Fall his daring Boaſt,
Shall periſh on the crimſon Sand,
Ignobly by a Woman's Hand.

CHORUS.

O blaſt, with thy tremendous Brow,
The Tyrants that inſult us now.

RECIT.

Bar. To whomſoe'er his Fate the Boaſter owes,
My Breaſt no Pangs of pining Envy knows.
Thy lovely Sex, O *Deborah!* may claim
Equal Prerogative with Man in Fame:
And none, but Savage Breaſts alone,
Their charming Merit can diſown.

AIR.

AIR.

How lovely is the blooming Fair,
Whoſe Beauty Virtue's Laws refine!
She well may claim our ſofteſt Care,
For ſure ſhe almoſt ſeems divine.

SCENE II.

Enter JAEL.

Jael. O *Deborah!* where-e'er I turn my Eyes
Grim Scenes of War in all their Horrors riſe.
O grant me! in my green Retreat,
Where Solitude has fix'd her Seat,
To live in Peace, ſequeſter'd far
From dire Alarms and ſanguine War.
Deb. Hear me then, *Jael!* let no Fear
Of proud Hoſtility thy Peace impair;
For Heaven has made thee its peculiar Care.
Thy Virtue, ere the cloſe of Day,
Shall ſhine with ſuch a bright Diſplay,
That thou ſhalt be, by all, confeſs'd
Thy Sex's Pride divinely bleſs'd.

AIR.

Choirs of Angels, all around thee
Watchful wait, in radiant Throngs;
No Oppreſſion ſhall confound thee,
Thou art guarded from all Wrongs.

RECIT.

Jael. My Tranſports are too great to tell;
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell.

God

God does not only condeſcend
My Life, from Danger to defend,
But keeps for me ſuch Joys in ſtore,
Ambition could not ask for more.

AIR.

To Joy he brightens my Deſpair,
No riſing Pangs my Peace controul;
He guards me with a Father's Care,
And pours his Mercies on my Soul.

SCENE III.

ABINÓAM, DEBORAH, BARAK, *&c.*

RECIT.

Abin. Barak, my Son, the joyful Sound,
Of Acclamations all around,
Gives me to know the glorious Weight of Cares.
God for thy Fortitude prepares.
Swift may thy Virtue *Judah*'s Hopes outrun,
And make thy Father boaſt of ſuch a Son.

AIR.

Awake the Ardour of thy Breaſt,
For Victory, or Death, prepare;
Let all thy Virtue ſhine confeſs'd,
And leave the reſt to Heaven's Care:

Should Conqueſt crown thee in the Field,
Be humble; or, if Death's thy Doom,
Thy Life with Reſignation yield,
And Crowds will envy thee thy Tomb.

RECIT.

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Bar. I go, where Heaven and Duty call,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to fall.

AIR.

All Dangers diſdaining,
For Battle I glow:
Our Glory maintaining,
I'll ruſh on the Foe.
Tho' Death all around me,
Stalks dreadfully pale,
No Fear ſhall confound me,
My Cauſe will prevail.

CHORUS.

Let thy Deeds be glorious,
And thy right Hand victorious.

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Her. My Charge is to declare
From *Siſera,* a Name renown'd in War,
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Yet ſuch Compaſſion in his Boſom reigns,
That ere he galls ye with redoubled Chains,
He condeſcends to offer theſe your Chiefs
An Interview, that he may learn your Griefs;
And the ſad Waſte of humane Blood to ſave,
Will grant you all that Slaves may dare to crave.

Bar.

Bar. Proud Infinels! --- Go, let the Boaſter hear,
He breathes no Wrath we condeſcend to fear:
Tell him, beſides, that *Judah* now prepares
For Interview or Battle, as he dares!

AIR.

Hateful Man; thy raptur'd Mind
Vainly ſwells with proud Diſdain:
Know, that ſoon thy Land ſhall find,
Vain her Truſt, her Triumphs vain.

SCENE V.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, *&c.*

Deb. Let him approach pacifick, or in Rage;
We in the Cauſe of Liberty engage:
Bar. Whilſt that bright Motive in our Boſoms glows
We dread no Menace, and we ſhun no Foes.
Deb. Deſpair all around them
Shall ſwiftly confound them,
Whilſt Tranſports of Joy
Our Praiſe ſhall employ.

AIR.

Ceaſe, O Judah, *ceaſe thy Mourning,*
See the Days of Bliſs returning,
Yield your Hearts to chearful Praiſe;
Tell in Songs the joyful Story,
Give to God alone the Glory,
Whence you boaſt your happy Days. Hallelujah.

PART II. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, JAEL, *Iſraelite Women, Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts, and* SISERA *attended by a Chorus of the Prieſts of* Baal.

Chorus of *Iſraelite* Prieſts.

SEE *the proud Chief advances now,*
With ſullen March and gloomy Brow:
Jacob, *ariſe! aſſert thy God!*
And ſcorn Oppreſſion's Iron Rod!

Enter SISERA.

SCENE II.

RECIT.

Siſ. That here rebellious Arms I ſee,
Proud *Debora*, proceeds from thee!
But wouldſt thou, yet, thy vain Ambition ceaſe,
Whilſt our affronted Mercy offers Peace,
Bow down ſubmiſſive, ere th' impending Blow
Lays thee and all thy loſt Aſſociates low.

AIR.

At my Feet extended low,
Favour by thy Tears engage:
Or thou ſoon ſhalt, trembliug, know,
Slighted Mercy turns to Rage.

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RECIT.

Deb. Go frown, Barbarian, where thou'rt fear'd!
None, but our God, is here rever'd!
Our Breasts his Inspiration warms,
To vindicate our Cause by Arms:
And, to thy Ruin, thou shalt know
What 'tis to find that God thy Foe.

AIR.

In Jehovah's *awful Sight,*
Haughty Tyrants are but Dust:
Those, who glory in their Might,
Place in Vanity their Trust.

RECIT.

Sis. Yes, how your God in Wonders can excel,
Your low Captivity demonstrates well.

AIR.

Tho' you boast the wond'rous Story,
Of your God's transcendent Glory,
Has he freed you from our Chain?
Think, O think, to your Confusion,
All you trust in is Illusion,
All your flattering Hopes are vain!

AIR.

Bar. *Impious Mortal, cease to brave us,*
Great Jehovah *soon will save us,*
And his Time we wait with Pleasure:
All his People he'll defend,
And on their Oppressors send
Plagues and Vengeance without Measure.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Baal. Behold the Nations all around,
What God like *Baal* is renown'd?
To him your ſtubborn Tribes would bow,
Did but the Slaves their Duty know.

Chorus of *Baal*'s Prieſts.

O Baal! *Monarch of the Skies!*
To whom unnumber'd Temples riſe!
From thee the Sun immenſely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant Robes of Light:
By thee with Stars the Heavens glow,
The Ocean ſwells, and Rivers flow;
The Vales with Verdure are array'd,
The Flowers perfume, the Thickets ſhade:
And 'tis, by the Event, confeſs'd
Thy Votaries alone are bleſs'd.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. No more! ye Infidels, no more!
Falſe is the God whom ye adore;
A dull, brute Idol, whoſe deteſted Shrine,
None, but ſuch Wretches, can believe divine.

Chorus of *Iſraelites*, &c.

Lord of Eternity! who haſt in ſtore
Plagues for the Proud, and Mercy for the Poor;
Look down! look down! from thy celeſtial Throne,
And let the Terrors of thy Wrath be known!
Plead thy juſt Cauſe, thy awful Pow'r diſcloſe,
Avenge thy Servants, and confound their Foes!

RECIT.

RECIT.

Deb. By his great Name, and his alone, [*To* Siſera *and his Prieſts.*
Whoſe Deity ye dare diſown,
Whoſe kindled Wrath ye ſoon ſhall know,
Will prove him a tremendous Foe.
Fly, I conjure ye, from this Place,
Too ſacred for a Throng ſo baſe!
Siſ. We go, but ye ſhall quickly mourn,
In Tears of Blood, our dire Return.

AIR.

Siſ. *Hence I haſten, then fear for thy Danger;*
Do thou tremble to ſee me offended;
He who ſports with a Sov'reign in Anger,
With Terrors muſt ſtill be attended.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. Away! unhallow'd Slaves, away!
Your Preſence here defiles the Day.
[*Exeunt* Siſera *and Prieſts of* Baal.
Bar. Great Propheteſs! my Soul's on Fire,
To execute the Ardours you inſpire;
O that the Fight were now begun!
My Father ſhould not bluſh to call me Son.

AIR.

In the Battle Fame purſuing,
We'll with Slaughter float the Plains:
And our Tyrants, low in Ruin,
Soon ſhall wear their Captive's Chains.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Abin. Thy Ardours warm the Winter of my Age,
Its Weakneſs ſtrengthens, and its Pains aſſuage.
And well doſt thou our impious Foes deride;
Juſtice is thine, and God is on thy Side.

AIR.

Swift Inundation,
Of Deſolation,
Pour on the Nation
Of Judah's *Foes.*
Can Fame delight thee?
Can Heaven incite thee?
They now invite thee
To end our Woes.

RECIT.

Deb. Now, *Jael*, to thy Tent retire,
Our Boſoms for the Battle fire:
But know thy Solitude will thee ſupply,
With Glory that ſhall never die.

AIR.

Jael. *O the Pleaſure my Soul is poſſeſſing,*
At the Proſpect of Mercies ſo dear!
May my Boſom be ever expreſſing,
With what Rapture my God I revere!

RECIT.

Deb. Barak, we now to Battle go,
And ruſh with Ruin on the Foe,

DUET.

DUET.

Deb. *Smiling Freedom, lovely Gueſt,*
Balmy Source of ſofteſt Joy;
Mortals, by thy Aid, are bleſt
With ſuch Charms as never cloy.

Bar. *Thy dear Preſence to obtain*
(Sweetly ſoothing every Care)
Who would dread the hoſtile Plain!
Who each Danger would not dare!

CHORUS.

The great King of Kings will aid us to Day,
His Praiſes let all with Tranſport diſplay.

PART III. SCENE I.

A Grand Military Symphony.

Enter DEBORAH *and* BARAK *with the victorious Army of the* Iſraelites, *return'd from the Purſuit of the* Canaanites, *and attended with the* Iſraelite *Women. Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts, and Captives, among whom are the Prieſts of* Baal.

CHORUS *of* Iſraelites.

NOW the proud inſulting Foe,
Proſtrate in the Duſt lies low:
Broken Chariots, Hills of Slain,
Load the wide extended Plain.

RECIT.

Deb. The haughty Foe, whoſe Pride to Heaven did ſoar,
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and *Canaan* is no more.

AIR.

Now ſweetly ſmiling Peace deſcends,
And waves her downy Wings;
Each Bleſſing in her Train attends,
Each Joy around her ſprings.

SCENE II.

To them ABINÓAM.

Abin. My Prayers are heard, the Bleſſings of this Day,
All my paſt Cares and Anguiſh well repay.
The Soldiers to each other tell,
My *Barak* has perform'd his Duty well.
Bar. My honour'd Father!

Abin.

Abin. O my Son! my Son!
Well has thy Youth the Race of Honour run.

AIR.

Tears, such as tender Fathers shed,
Warm from my aged Eyes descend,
For Joy to think, when I am dead,
My Son will have Mankind his Friend.

SCENE III.

To them JAEL.

RECIT.

Jael. O *Deborah!* our Fears are o'er,
Proud *Sisera* is now no more.

CHORUS *of* Baal's *Priests.*

Doleful Tidings, how ye wound!
Despair and Death are in that Sound!

AIR.

Our Fears are now for ever fled,
Our Eyes no more shall flow;
Swift Vengeance has laid low the Head
Of our imperious Foe.

RECIT.

Bar. I saw the Tyrant breathless in her Tent;
Her Arm his Soul to endless Darkness sent.
But see the glad Assembly wait to know,
How thou didst rid them of so fierce a Foe:
Already thou hast told it me;
But the Relation will please more from thee.

Jael. When from the Battle that proud Captain fled,
Vengeance divine, to my Pavilion, led
The trembling Fugitive, who, pale with Care,
Beſought me panting to conceal him there:
Flaming with Thirſt, and Anguiſh in his Look,
He ask'd for Water from the limpid Brook.
But Milk I gave him in a copious Bowl;
With Ecſtaſy he quaff'd, and cool'd his Soul.
And then, with his laborious Flight oppreſt,
In ſome few Moments he ſunk down to Reſt.
Then was I conſcious, Heav'n, that happy Hour,
Had plac'd the Foe of *Judah* in my Power:
The Workman's Hammer and a Nail I ſeiz'd,
And, whilſt his Limbs in deep Repoſe he eas'd,
I thro' his burſting Temples forc'd the Wound,
And riveted the Tyrant to the Ground.

Deb. If, *Jael*, I aright divine,
When Men hereafter would proclaim,
All that is noble by one Name,
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

AIR.

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,
All thy Inſolence is o'er;
Juſtice to thy Ruin led thee,
Thou art fall'n to riſe no more.

RECIT.

Deb. If *Jael*, I aright divine,
When Men hereafter would proclaim,

All

All that is noble by one Name,
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

AIR.

The glorious Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſhed
His beamy Treaſure from the Skies;
And Merit ſhall be Virtue's Dread,
Whene'er thy bleſs'd Memorial dies.

RECIT.

Bar. May Heav'n, with kind Profuſion, ſhed
Its choſen Joys on *Jael*'s Head!

AIR.

Low at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
And laid in Duſt his haughty Head;
And late Poſterity ſhall tell,
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.

RECIT.

Deb. O great *Jehovah!* may thy Foes
Thus periſh who thy Laws oppoſe.
But O let all, who love thy Praiſe,
And dedicate to thee their Days,
Shine like the Sun immenſely bright,
When forth he marches in his Might,
To run his radiant Race of Light.

DUET.

Deb. *I'll proclaim the wond'rous Story*
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day-ſpring's dawning Glory,
'Till the fading Day of Eve.

Jael. *All the Bleſſings Heaven is lending,*
We'll defend our grateful Lays;
To his radiant Throne aſcending,
Wafted on the Wings of Praiſe.

Both. *In exalted Rapture joining,*
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'r combining
To declare his endleſs Praiſe.

CHORUS.

Let our glad Songs to Heaven aſcend,
For Judah's *God is* Judah's *Friend.* Hallelujah.

FINIS.

DEBORAH.

A N

ORATORIO:

O R

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN.

THE MUSICK COMPOSED BY

MR. HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed for the ADMINISTRATOR of J. WATTS: And Sold by S. HOOPER, at the East Corner of the New Church in the Strand.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEBORAH.

BARAK.

ABINÓAM.

SISERA.

JAEL.

First Israelite *Woman.*

Second Israelite *Woman.*

Third Israelite *Woman.*

Chief Priest of the Israelites.

Chief Priest of Baal.

Chorus of Priests and Israelites.

Chorus of the Priests of Baal.

DEBORAH.

DEBORAH.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ISRAELITES, OFFICERS, *and Chorus of* ISRAELITE PRIESTS.

GRAND CHORUS.

IMMORTAL Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whose Wonders all around us rise;
Whose Anger, when it awful glows,
To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes;
O grant a Leader to our Host,
Whose Name, with Honour, we may boast;
Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain,
And break our proud Oppressor's Chain.

RECIT.

Deb. O *Barak*, favour'd of the Skies!
O Son of *Abinóam* rise!

Heaven,

Heaven, by thy Arm, his People ſaves,
And dooms our Tyrants for our Slaves.
Bar. O *Deborah!* with wiſe Prediction bleſs'd,
To whom Futurity ſtands forth confeſs'd,
Will Heaven on me a Gift ſo great beſtow
And grace the meaneſt of his Servants ſo!

DUET.

Bar. Where would thy Ardours raiſe me!
How ſhall I ſoar to Fame!
Will then my Conduct praiſe me,
And thus adorn my Name!
Deb. Truſt in the God that fires thee,
To vindicate our Laws;
Act now as he inſpires thee,
Thou ſhalt revive our Cauſe.

CHORUS.

Forbear thy Doubts! to Arms! away!
Thy God commands, do thou obey.

RECIT.

Bar. Since Heav'n has thus it's Will expreſs'd,
Submiſſion, now, becomes me beſt:
But, ere we ſtand in Arms array'd,
O Propheteſs, implore his Aid!
And let uniting *Judah* join,
To ſupplicate the Power Divine.

The INVOCATION.

Deb. By that adorable Decree,
That Chaos cloath'd with Symmetry;

By that reſiſtleſs Power that made
Refulgent Brightneſs ſtart from Shade;
That ſtill'd contending Atoms Strife,
And ſpoke Creation into Life;
O thou ſupreme tranſcendent Lord!
Thy Succours to our Cries accord!

CHORUS.

Oh hear thy lowly Servants Prayer!
And grant them thy propitious Care!

RECIT.

Deb. Ye Sons of *Iſrael*, ceaſe your Fears,
Jehovah your Petition hears:
The impious Chief of *Canaan*'s Hoſt,
Who made our Fall his daring Boaſt,
Shall periſh on the crimſon Sand,
Ignobly by a Woman's Hand.

CHORUS.

O blaſt, with thy tremendous Brow,
The Tyrants that inſult us now.

RECIT.

Bar. To whomſoe'er his Fate the Boaſter owes,
My Breaſt no Pangs of pining Envy knows.
Thy lovely Sex, O *Deborah!* may claim
Equal Prerogative with Man in Fame:
And none, but Savage Breaſts alone,
Their charming Merit can diſown.

AIR.

How lovely is the blooming Fair,
Whoſe Beauty Virtue's Laws refine!
She well may claim our ſofteſt Care,
For ſure ſhe almoſt ſeems divine.

SCENE II.

Enter JAEL.

Jael. O *Deborah!* where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
Grim Scenes of War in all their Horrors riſe.
O grant me! in my green Retreat,
Where Solitude has fix'd her Seat,
To live in Peace, ſequeſter'd far
From dire Alarms and ſanguine War.
Deb. Hear me then, *Jael!* let no Fear
Of proud Hoſtility thy Peace impair;
For Heaven has made thee it's peculiar Care.
Thy Virtue, ere the cloſe of Day,
Shall ſhine with ſuch a bright Diſplay,
That thou ſhalt be, by all, confeſs'd
Thy Sex's Pride divinely bleſs'd.

AIR.

Choirs of Angels all around thee
Watchful wait, in radiant Throngs;
No Oppreſſion ſhall confound thee,
Thou art guarded from all Wrongs.

RECIT.

Jael. My Tranſports are too great to tell;
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell.

God

God does not only condescend
My Life, from Danger to defend,
But keeps for me such Joys in store
Ambition could not ask for more.

AIR.

To Joy he brightens my Despair,
No rising Pangs my Peace controul;
He guards me with a Father's Care,
And pours his Mercies on my Soul.

SCENE III.

ABINÓAM, DEBORAH, BARACK, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Abin. Barak, my Son, the joyful Sound,
Of Acclamations all around,
Gives me to know the glorious Weight of Cares,
God for thy Fortitude prepares.
Swift may thy Virtue *Judah's* Hopes out-run,
And make thy Father boast of such a Son.

AIR.

Awake the Ardour of thy Breast,
For Victory, or Death, prepare;
Let all thy Virtue shine confess'd,
And leave the rest to Heaven's Care.
Should Conquest crown thee in the Field,
Be humble; or, if Death's thy Doom,
Thy Life with Resignation yield,
And Crowds will envy thee thy Tomb.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Bar. I go, where Heaven and Duty call,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to fall.

AIR.

All Dangers diſdaining,
For Battle I glow;
Our Glory maintaining,
I'll ruſh on the Foe.
Tho' Death all around me,
Stalks dreadfully pale,
No fear ſhall confound me,
My Cauſe will prevail.

CHORUS.

Tyrants would, in impious Throngs,
Silence his Adorers Songs:
But ſhall Salem's *Lyre and Lute,*
At their proud Commands be mute?
Tyrants, ye in vain conſpire:
Wake the Lute and ſtrike the Lyre.

SCENE IV.

Enter Herald from the Camp of SISERA.

Her. My Charge is to declare
From *Siſera*, a Name renown'd in War,
That he with Indignation knows,
How you preſume to be his Foes:
Yet ſuch Compaſſion in his Boſom reigns,
That ere he galls ye with redoubled Chains,

He

He condeſcends to offer theſe, your Chiefs,
An Interview, that he may learn your Griefs;
And the ſad Waſte of human Blood to ſave,
Will grant you all that Slaves may dare to crave.
Bar. Proud Infidels!---Go, let the Boaſter hear,
He breaths no Wrath we condeſcend to fear:
Tell him, beſides, that *Judah* now prepares
For Interview or Battle, as he dares!

AIR.

Hateful Man; thy raptur'd Mind
Vainly ſwells with proud Diſdain:
Know that ſoon thy Land ſhall find,
Vain her Truſt, her Triumphs vain.

SCENE V.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, &c.

Deb. Let him approach pacifick, or in Rage;
We in the Cauſe of Liberty engage.
Bar. Whilſt that bright Motive in our Boſoms glows
We dread no Menace, and we ſhun no Foes.
Deb. Deſpair all around them
Shall ſwiftly confound them,
Whilſt Tranſports of Joy
Our Praiſe ſhall employ.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

PART II. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, JAEL, Iſraelite *Women*, *Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts*, *and* SISERA *attended by a Chorus of the Prieſts of* Baal.

Chorus of *Iſraelite* Prieſts.

SEE the proud Chief advances now,
With ſullen March and gloomy Brow:
Jacob, *ariſe! aſſert thy God!*
And ſcorn Oppreſſion's Iron Rod!

Enter SISERA.

SCENE II.

RECITATIVE.

Siſ. That here rebellious Arms I ſee,
Proud *Deborah*, proceeds from thee!
But wouldſt thou, yet, thy vain Ambition ceaſe,
Whilſt our affronted Mercy offers Peace,
Bow down ſubmiſſive, ere th' impending Blow
Lays thee and all thy loſt Aſſociates low.

AIR.

At my Feet extended low,
Favour by thy Tears engage:
Or thou ſoon ſhalt, trembling, know,
Slighted Mercy turns to Rage.

RECIT.

Deb. Go frown, Barbarian, where thou'rt fear'd!
None, but our God, is here rever'd!
Our Breasts his Inspiration warms,
To vindicate our Cause by Arms:
And, to thy Ruin, thou shalt know
What 'tis to find that God thy Foe.

AIR.

In Jehovah's *awful Sight,*
Haughty Tyrants are but Dust:
Those, who glory in their Might,
Place in Vanity their Trust.

RECIT.

Sis. Yes, How your God in Wonders can excel,
Your low Captivity demonstrates well.

AIR.

Tho' you boast the wond'rous Story,
Of your God's transcendent Glory,
Has he freed you from our Chain?
Think, O think, to your Confusion,
All you trust in is Illusion,
All your flattering Hopes are vain!

AIR.

Bar. *Impious Mortal, cease to brave us,*
Great Jehovah *soon will save us,*
And his Time we wait with Pleasure:
All his people he'll defend,
And on their Oppressors send
Plagues and Vengeance without Measure.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Baal. Behold the Nations all around,
What God like *Baal* is renown'd?
To him your ſtubborn Tribes would bow,
Did but the Slaves their Duty know.

Chorus of *Baal*'s Prieſts.

O Baal! *Monarch of the ſkies;*
To whom unnumber'd Temples riſe!
From thee the Sun immenſely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant Robes of Light:
By thee with ſtars the Heavens glow,
The Ocean ſwells and Rivers flow;
The Vales with Verdure are array'd,
The Flowers perfume, the Thickets ſhade;
And 'tis, by the Event, confeſs'd
Thy Votaries alone are bleſs'd.

RECIT.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. No more! Ye Infidels no more!
Falſe is the God whom ye adore;
A dull, brute Idol, whoſe deteſted Shrine,
None, but ſuch Wretches, can believe divine.

Chorus of *Iſraelites.* &c.

Lord of Eternity! who haſt in ſtore
Plagues for the Proud, and Mercy for the Poor;
Look down! look down! from the celeſtial Throne,
And let the Terrors of thy Wrath be known!
Plead thy juſt Cauſe, thy awful Pow'r diſcloſe;
Avenge thy Servants, and confound their Foes!

RECIT.

Deb. By his great Name, and his alone, [*To* Sifera *and*
Whoſe Deity ye dare diſown, *his Prieſts.*
Whoſe kindled Wrath ye ſoon ſhall know,
Will prove him a tremendous Foe.
Fly, I conjure ye, from this Place,
Too ſacred for a Throng ſo baſe!
Sif. We go, but ye ſhall quickly mourn,
In Tears of Blood, our dire Return.

AIR.

Sif. *Hence I haſten, then fear for thy danger;*
Do thou tremble to ſee me offended;
He who ſports with a Sov'reign in Anger,
With Terrors muſt ſtill be attended.

RECIT.

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Your Preſence here defiles the Day.
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Bar. Great Propheteſs! my Soul's on Fire,
To execute the Ardours you inſpire;
O that the Fight were now begun!
My Father ſhould not bluſh to call me Son.

AIR.

In the Battle Fame purſuing;
We'll with Slaughter float the Plains:
And our Tyrants, low in Ruin,
Soon ſhall wear their Captive's Chains.

RECIT.

Abin. Thy Ardours warm the Winter of my Age,
Its Weakneſs ſtrengthens, and its Pains aſſuage.
And well doſt thou our impious Foes deride;
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Of Deſolation,
Pour on the Nation
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Can Heaven incite thee?
They now invite thee
To end our Woes.

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Deb. Now, *Jael,* to thy Tent retire,
Our Boſoms for the Battle fire:
But know thy Solitude will thee ſupply,
With Glory that ſhall never die.

AIR.

Jael. *O the pleaſure my ſoul is poſſeſſing,*
At the Proſpect of Mercies ſo dear!
May the Boſom be ever expreſſing,
With what Rapture my God I revere!

RECIT.

Deb. Barak, we now to Battle go,
And ruſh with Ruin on the Foe,

DUET.

DUET.

Deb. *Smiling Freedom, lovely Gueſt,*
Balmy Source of ſofteſt Joy;
Mortals, by thy Aid, are bleſt
With ſuch Charms as never cloy.

Bar. *Thy dear Preſence to obtain*
(Sweetly ſoothing every Care)
Who would dread the hoſtile Plain!
Who each Danger would not dare!

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, O *Judah*, this triumphant Day,
Let all the Goodneſs of our God diſplay;
Whoſe Mercies to the wond'ring World declare,
His choſen People are his choſen Care.

CHORUS.

The mighty Pow'r, in whom we truſt,
Is ever to his Promiſe juſt:
He makes this ſacred Day appear
The Pledge of a propitious Year:
He bids the circling Seaſons ſhine,
Recalls the Olive and the Vine!
With blooming Plenty loads the Plain,
And crowns the Fields with golden Grain.
Give Glory to his awful Name;
Let ev'ry Voice his Praiſe proclaim.

PART III. SCENE I.

A Grand Military Symphony.

Enter DEBORAH *and* BARAK *with the victorious Army of the* Iſraelites, *return'd from the Purſuit of the* Cana-anites, *and attended with the* Iſraelite *Women. Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts, and Captives, among whom are the Prieſts of* Baal.

CHORUS *of* Iſraelites.

NOW the proud inſulting Foe,
Proſtrate in the Duſt lies low:
Broken Chariots, Hills of Slain,
Load the wide extended Plain.

RECITATIVE.

Deb. The haughty Foe, whoſe Pride to Heav'n did ſoar,
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and *Canaan* is no more.

AIR.

Now ſweetly ſmiling Peace deſcends,
And waves her downy Wings;
Each Bleſſing in her Train attends,
Each Joy around her ſprings.

SCENE

SCENE II.

To them ABINÓAM.

Abin. My Prayers are heard, the Bleſſings of this Day
All my paſt Cares and Anguiſh well repay.
The Soldiers to each other tell,
My *Barak* has perform'd his Duty well.
Bar. My honour'd Father!
Abin. O my Son! my Son!
Well has thy Youth the Race of Honour run.

AIR.

Tears, ſuch as tender Fathers ſhed,
Warm from my aged Eyes deſcend,
For Joy to think, when I am dead,
My Son will have Mankind his Friend.

SCENE III.

To them JAEL.

RECIT.

Jael. O *Deborah!* our Fears are o'er,
Proud *Siſera* is now no more.

CHORUS *of* Baal's *Prieſts.*

Doleful Tidings, how ye wound!
Deſpair and Death are in that Sound!

AIR.

Our Fears are now for ever fled,
Our Eyes no more ſhall flow;
Swift Vengeance has laid low the Head
Of our imperious Foe.

RECIT.

Bar. I ſaw the Tyrant breathleſs in her Tent;
Her Arm his Soul to endleſs Darkneſs ſent.
But ſee the glad Aſſembly wait to know,
How thou didſt rid him of ſo fierce a Foe:
Already thou haſt told it me;
But the Relation will pleaſe more from thee.

Jael. When from the Battle that proud Captain fled,
Vengeance divine, to my Pavilion, led
The trembling Fugitive, who, pale with Care,
Beſought me panting to conceal him there:
Flaming with Thirſt, and Anguiſh in his Look,
He aſk'd for Water from the limpid Brook.
But Milk I gave him in a copious Bowl;
With Ecſtaſy he quaff'd, and cool'd his Soul.
And then, with his laborious Flight oppreſt,
In ſome few Moments he ſunk down to Reſt.
Then was I conſcious, Heav'n, that happy Hour,
Had plac'd the Foe of *Judah* in my Pow'r:
The Workman's Hammer and a Nail I ſeiz'd,
And, whilſt his Limbs in deep Repoſe he eas'd,
I thro' his burſting Temples forc'd the Wound,
And riveted the Tyrant to the Ground.

Deb. If *Jael*, I aright divine,
When Men hereafter would proclaim,
All that is noble by one Name,
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

AIR.

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,
All thy Inſolence is o'er;
Juſtice to thy Ruin led thee,
Thou art fall'n to riſe no more.

RECIT.

Deb. If *Jael*, I aright divine,
When Men hereafter would proclaim,
All that is noble by one Name,
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

AIR.

The glorious Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſhed
His beamy Treaſure from the Skies;
And Merit ſhall be Virtue's Dread,
Whene'er thy bleſs'd Memorial dies.

RECIT.

Bar. May Heav'n, with kind Profuſion, ſhed
Its choſen Joys on *Jael*'s Head!

AIR.

Low at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
And laid in Duſt his haughty Head;
And late Poſterity ſhall tell,
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.

RECIT.

Deb. O great *Jehovah!* may thy Foes
Thus periſh who thy Laws oppoſe.
But O let all, who love thy Praiſe,
And dedicate to thee their Days,
Shine like the Sun immenſely bright,
When forth he marches in his Might,
To run his radiant Race of Light.

DUET.

Deb. *I'll proclaim the wond'rous Story*
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day-ſpring's dawning Glory,
'Till the fading Day of Eve.

Jael. *All the Bleſſings Heaven is lending,*
We'll defend our grateful Lays;
To his radiant Throne aſcending,
Wafted on the Wings of Praiſe.

Both. *In exalted Rapture joining,*
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'r combining
To declare his endleſs Praiſe.

CHORUS.

Let our glad Songs to Heaven aſcend,
For Judah's *God is* Judah's *Friend.* Hallelujah.

FINIS.

L4/14
Rena 352373
14

DEBORAH,

AN

ORATORIO;

OR,

SACRED DRAMA.

The MUSIC compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

The Words by Mr. HUMPHREYS.

LONDON:
Printed for the Adminiſtrators of J. WATTS.
MDCCLXXV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEBORAH.

BARAK.

ABINÓAM.

SISERA.

JAEL.

First *Iſraelite* Woman.

Second *Iſraelite* Woman.

Third *Iſraelite* Woman.

Chief Prieſt of the *Iſraelites.*

Chief Prieſt of *Baal.*

Chorus of Prieſts and *Iſraelites.*

Chorus of the Prieſts of *Baal.*

DEBO-

DEBORAH.

PART I. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ISRAELITES, OFFICERS, *and Chorus of* ISRAELITE PRIESTS.

GRAND CHORUS.

IMmortal Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whoſe Wonders all around us riſe;
Whoſe Anger, when it awful glows,
To ſwift Perdition dooms thy Foes;
O grant a Leader to our Hoſt,
Whoſe Name, with Honour, we may boaſt;
Whoſe Conduct may our Cauſe maintain,
And break our proud Oppreſſor's Chain.

RECITATIVE.

Deb. O *Barak*, favour'd of the Skies!
O Son of *Abinóam* riſe!

Heaven, by thy Arm, his People ſaves,
And dooms our Tyrants for our Slaves.
Bar. O *Deborah!* with wiſe Prediction bleſs'd,
To whom Futurity ſtands forth confeſs'd,
Will Heaven on me a Gift ſo great beſtow,
And grace the meaneſt of his Servants ſo!

DUETT.

Bar. Where would thy Ardours raiſe me!
How ſhall I ſoar to Fame;
Will then my Conduct praiſe me,
And thus adorn my Name!
Deb. Truſt in the God that fires thee,
To vindicate our Laws;
Act now, as he inſpires thee,
Thou ſhalt revive our Cauſe.

CHORUS.

Forbear thy Doubts! to Arms! away!
Thy God commands, do thou obey.

RECITATIVE.

Bar. Since Heaven has thus its Will expreſs'd,
Submiſſion, now, becomes me beſt:
But, ere we ſtand in Arms array'd,
O Propheteſs, implore his Aid!
And let uniting *Judah* join,
To ſupplicate the Power Divine.

CHORUS.

For ever, to the Voice of Prayer,
Jehovah lends a gracious Ear.

The INVOCATION.

Deb. By that adorable Decree,
That Chaos cloath'd with Symmetry;
By that reſiſtleſs Power that made
Refulgent Brightneſs ſtart from Shade;
That ſtill'd contending Atoms' Strife,
And ſpoke Creation into Life;
O thou ſupreme tranſcendent Lord,
Thy Succours to our Cries accord!

CHORUS.

Oh hear thy lowly Servants Prayer!
And grant them thy propitious Care!

RECITATIVE.

Deb. Ye Sons of *Iſrael*, ceaſe your Fears,
Jehovah your Petition hears:
The impious Chief of *Canaan's* Hoſt,
Who made our Fall his daring Boaſt,
Shall periſh on the crimſon Sand,
Ignobly by a Woman's Hand.

CHORUS.

O blaſt, with thy tremendous Brow,
The Tyrants that inſult us now.

RECITATIVE.

Bar. To whomſoe'er his Fate the Boaſter owes,
My Breaſt no Pangs of pining Envy knows.

Thy

Thy lovely Sex, O *Deborah!* may claim
Equal Prerogative with Man in Fame:
And none, but Savage Breasts alone,
Their charming Merit can disown.

AIR.

How lovely is the blooming Fair,
Whose Beauty Virtue's Laws refine!
She well may claim our softest Care,
For sure she almost seems divine.

SCENE II.

Enter JAEL.

Jael. O *Deborah!* where 'er I turn my Eyes,
Grim Scences of War in all their Horrors rise.
O grant me! in my green Retreat,
Where Solitude has fix'd her Seat,
To live in Peace, sequester'd far
From dire Alarms and sanguine War.
Deb. Hear me then, *Jael!* let no Fear
Of proud Hostility thy Peace impair;
For Heaven has made thee its peculiar Care.
Thy Virtue, ere the Close of Day,
Shall shine with such a bright Display,
That thou shalt be, by all, confess'd
Thy Sex's Pride divinely bless'd.

AIR.

AIR.

Choirs of Angles, all around thee
Watchful wait in radiant Throngs;
No Oppreſſion ſhall confound thee,
Thou art guarded from all Wrongs.

RECITATIVE.

Jael. My Tranſports are too great to tell;
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell.
God does not only condeſcend
My Life, from Danger, to defend,
But keeps for me ſuch Joys in ſtore,
Ambition could not aſk for more.

AIR.

To Joy he brightens my Deſpair,
No riſing Pangs my Peace controul;
He guards me, with a Father's Care,
And pours his Mercies on my Soul.

SCENE III.

ABINÓAM, DEBORAH, BARAK, *&c.*

RECITATIVE.

Abin. Barak, my Son, the joyful Sound
Of Acclamations all around,
Gives me to know the glorious Weight of Cares,
God for thy Fortitude prepares.

Swift may thy Virtue *Judah*'s Hopes outrun
And make thy Father boaſt of ſuch a Son.

AIR.

Awake the Ardour of thy Breaſt,
For Victory, or Death, prepare;
Let all thy Virtue ſhine confeſs'd,
And leave the reſt to Heaven's Care:

Should Conqueſt crown thee in the Field,
Be humble; or if Death's thy Doom,
Thy Life with Reſignation yield,
And Crowds will envy thee thy Tomb.

RECITATIVE.

Bar. I go, where Heaven and Duty call,
Prepar'd to conquer or to fall.

AIR.

All Dangers diſdaining,
For Battle I glow:
Our Glory maintaing,
I'll ruſh on the Foe.
Tho' Death all around me,
Stalks dreadfully pale,
No Fear ſhall confound me,
My Cauſe will prevail.

CHORUS.

Let thy Deeds be glorious,
And thy right Hand victorious.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Herald from the Camp of SISERA.

Her. My Charge is to declare
From *Sisera*, a Name renown'd in War,
That he with Indignation knows,
How you presume to be his Foes:
Yet such Compassion in his Bosom reigns,
That ere he galls ye with redoubled Chains,
He condescends to offer these your Chiefs
An Interview, that he may learn your Griefs;
And the sad Waste of human Blood to save,
Will grant you all that Slaves may dare to crave.

Bar. Proud Infidels!-----Go, let the Boaster hear,
He breathes no Wrath we condescend to fear:
Tell him, besides, that *Judah* now prepares
For Interview or Battle, as he dares. [*Exit Herald.*

SCENE V.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, *&c.*

Deb. Let him approach pacific, or in Rage;
We in the Cause of Liberty engage.

Bar. Whilst that bright Motive in our Bosoms glows
We dread no Menace, and we shun no Foes.

CHORUS.

Despair all around them,
Shall swiftly confound them,
Whilst Transports of Joy
Our Praise shall employ. *Hallelujah.*

PART II. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, JAEL, Iſraelite *Women*, *Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts*, *and* SISERA *attended by a Chorus of the Prieſts of* Baal.

Chorus of *Iſraelite* Prieſts.

See the proud Chief advances now,
With ſullen March and gloomy Brow:
Jacob, ariſe! aſſert thy God!
And ſcorn Oppreſſion's Iron Rod!

Enter SISERA.

SCENE II.

RECITATIVE.

Siſ. That here rebellious Arms I ſee,
Proud *Deborah*, proceeds from thee!
But wouldſt thou, yet, thy vain Ambition ceaſe,
Whilſt our affronted Mercy offers Peace,
Bow down ſubmiſſive, ere th' impending Blow
Lays thee and all thy loſt Aſſociates low.

AIR.

At my Feet extended low,
Favour by thy Tears engage:
Or thou ſoon ſhalt, trembling, know,
Slighted Mercy turns to Rage.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Deb. Go frown, Barbarian, where thour't fear'd!
None, but our God, is here rever'd;
Our Breasts his Inspiration warms,
To vindicate our Cause by Arms:
And, to thy Ruin, thou shalt know
What 'tis to find that God thy Foe.

AIR.

In *Jehovah*'s awful Sight,
Haughty Tyrants are but Dust:
Those, who glory in their Might,
Place in Vanity their Trust.

RECITATIVE.

Sis. Yes, how your God in Wonders can excel,
Your low Captivity demonstrates well.

AIR.

Tho' you boast the wond'rous Story,
Of your God's transcendent Glory;
Has he freed you from our Chain?
Think, O think, to your Confusion,
All you trust in is Illusion,
All your flattering Hopes are vain.

AIR.

Bar. Impious Mortal, ceaſe to brave us,
Great *Jehovah* ſoon will ſave us,
And his Time we wait with Pleaſure:
All his People he'll defend,
And on their Oppreſſors ſend
Plagues and Vengeance without Meaſure.

RECITATIVE.

Chief Prieſt of Baal. Behold the Nations all around,
What God like *Baal* is renown'd?
To him your ſtubborn Tribes would bow,
Did but the Slaves their Duty know.

Chorus of *Baal*'s Prieſts.

O *Baal!* Monarch of the Skies!
To whom unnumber'd Temples riſe!
From thee the Sun, immenſely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant Robes of Light:
By thee with Stars the Heavens glow,
The Ocean ſwells, and Rivers flow;
The Vales with Verdure are array'd,
The Flowers perfume the Thicket's Shade:
And 'tis, by the Event, confeſs'd
Thy Votaries alone are bleſs'd.

RECITATIVE.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. No more! ye Infidels, no more!
Falſe is the God whom ye adore;

A dull

A dull, brute Idol, whoſe deteſted Shrine,
None, but ſuch Wretches, can believe divine.

Chorus of *Iſraelites*, &c.

Lord of Eternity! who haſt in ſtore
Plagues for the Proud, and Mercy for the Poor;
Look down! look down! from thy celeſtial Throne,
And let the Terrors of thy Wrath be known!
Plead thy juſt Cauſe, thy awful Pow'r diſcloſe,
Avenge thy Servants, and confound their Foes!

RECITATIVE.

Deb. By his great Name, and his alone, [*To* Siſera *and his Prieſts.*
Whoſe Deity ye dare diſown,
Whoſe kindled Wrath ye ſoon ſhall know,
Will prove him a tremendous Foe.
Fly, I conjure ye, from this Place,
Too ſacred for a Throng ſo baſe!
Siſ. We go, but ye ſhall quickly mourn,
In Tears of Blood, our dire Return.

Deborah. All your Boaſts will end in Woe.
Siſera. Farewel, deſpicable Foe.
Prieſt of *Baal.* Mighty *Baal*'s Aid we crave.
Barak. *Baal* has no Power to ſave.
Chorus of *Baal*'s Prieſts. *Baal*'s Power ye ſoon ſhall know.
Chorus of *Iſraelites.* Poor deluded Mortals go!

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Chief Prieſt of Iſrael. Away! unhallow'd Slaves, away!
Your Preſence here defiles the Day.

[*Exeunt* Siſera *and Prieſts of* Baal.

Bar. Great Propheteſs! my Soul's on Fire,
To execute the Ardours you inſpire;
O that the Fight were now begun!
My Father ſhould not bluſh to call me Son.

AIR.

In the Battle Fame purſuing,
We'll with Slaughter float the Plains:
And our Tyrants, low in Ruin,
Soon ſhall wear their Captive's Chains.

RECITATIVE.

Abin. Thy Ardours warm the Winter of my Age,
Its Weakneſs ſtrengthen, and its Pains aſſwage.
And well doſt thou our impious Foes deride;
Juſtice is thine, and God is on thy Side.

AIR.

Swift Innundation,
Of Deſolation,
Pour on the Nation
Of *Judah*'s Foes.
Can Fame delight thee?
Can Heaven incite thee?
They now invite thee
To end our Woes.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelite Woman. Oh *Judah*, with what Joy I ſee
The Bleſſings Heaven reſerves for thee!

AIR.

No more, diſconſolate, I'll mourn,
No more ſad Sackcloth wear;
From Chains to Freedom we return,
To Tranſports from Deſpair.

RECITATIVE.

Deb. Now, *Jael*, to thy Tent retire,
Our Boſoms for the Battle fire:
But know thy Solitude will thee ſupply,
With Glory that ſhall never die.

AIR.

Jael. O the Pleaſure my Soul is poſſeſſing,
At the Proſpect of Mercies ſo dear!
May my Boſom be ever expreſſing,
With what Rapture my God I revere!

RECITATIVE.

Deb. Barak, we now to Battle go,
And ruſh with Ruin on the Foe.

DUET.

DUET.

Deb. Smiling Freedom, lovely Gueſt,
Balmy Source of ſofteſt Joy;
Mortals, by thy Aid, are bleſt
With ſuch Charms as never cloy.

Bar. Thy dear Preſence to obtain
(Sweetly ſoothing every Care)
Who would dread the hoſtile Plain!
Who each Danger would not dare!

CHORUS.

The great King of Kings will aid us to Day,
His Praiſes let all with Tranſport diſplay.

PART III. SCENE I.

A Grand Military Symphony.

Enter DEBORAH *and* BARAK, *with the victorious Army of the* Iſraelites, *returned from the Purſuit of the* Canaanites, *and attended with the* Iſraelite *Women. Chorus of* Iſraelite *Prieſts, and Captives, among whom are the Prieſts of* Baal.

CHORUS *of* Iſraelites.

Now the proud inſulting Foe,
Proſtrate in the Duſt lies low:
Broken Chariots, Hills of Slain,
Load the wide extended Plain.

RECITATIVE.

Bar. The haughty Foe, whoſe Pride to Heaven did ſoar,
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and *Canaan* is no more.

AIR.

Iſraelite Wom. Now ſweetly ſmiling Peace deſcends,
And waves her downy Wings;
Each Bleſſing in her Train attends,
Each Joy around her ſprings.

SCENE II.

To them ABINÓAM.

Abin. My Prayers are heard, the Bleſſings of this Day,
All my paſt Cares and Anguiſh will repay.

The Soldiers to each other tell,
My *Barak* has perform'd his Duty well.
Bar. My honour'd Father!
Abin. O my Son! my Son!
Well has thy Youth the Race of Honour run.

AIR.

Tears, ſuch as tender Fathers ſhed,
Warm from my aged Eyes deſcend,
For Joy to think, when I am dead,
My Son will have Mankind his Friend.

SCENE III.

To them JAEL.

RECITATIVE.

Jael. O *Deborah!* our Fears are o'er,
Proud *Siſera* is now no more.

CHORUS *of* Baal's *Prieſts.*

Doleful Tidings, how ye wound!
Deſpair and Death are in that Sound!

AIR.

Iſraelite Wom. Our Fears are now for ever fled,
Our Eyes no more ſhall flow;
Swift Vengance has laid low the Head
Of our imperious Foe.

RECITATIVE.

Jael. I left the Tyrant breathleſs in the Tent;
My Arm, his Soul to endleſs darkneſs ſent.

AIR.

AIR.

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,
All thy Inſolence is o'er;
Juſtice to thy Ruin led thee,
Thou art fall'n to riſe no more.

RECITATIVE.

Deb. If, *Jael*, I aright divine,
When Men hereafter would proclaim
All that is noble by one Name,
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

AIR.

The glorious Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſhed
His beamy Treaſure from the Skies;
And Merit ſhall be Virtue's Dread,
Whene'er thy bleſs'd Memorial dies.

RECITATIVE.

Bar. May Heav'n, with kind Profuſion, ſhed
Its choſen Joys on *Jael*'s Head!

AIR.

Low at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
And laid in Duſt his haughty Head;
And late Poſterity ſhall tell,
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Deb. O great *Jehovah!* may thy Foes
Thus periſh who thy Laws oppoſe.
But O let all, who love thy Praiſe,
And dedicate to thee their Days,
Shine like the Sun immenſely bright,
When forth he marches in his Might,
To run his radiant Race of Light.

CHORUS.

Let our glad Songs to Heaven aſcend,
For *Judah*'s God is *Judah*'s Friend;
O celebrate his ſacred Name,
With Gratitude his Praiſe proclaim! *Hallelujah.*

FINIS.

L4715
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ESTHER.

AN

ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed by and for J. WATTS; and Sold by him at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields:*

And by B. DOD at the *Bible* and *Key* in *Ave-Mary-Lane* near *Stationers-Hall.* MDCCLI.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESTHER.
AHASUERUS.
HAMAN.
MORDECAI.
HABDONAH.
ISRAELITES.

E S T H E R.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

ESTHER.

BREATHE ſoft, ye Gales;
Ye Rills, in Silence roll;
And heav'nly Peace reſide
In *Eſther's* Soul.

SONG.

Watchful Angels, let me ſhare
Your indulgent, daily Care.

RECITATIVE.

O King of Kings! celeſtial Lord!
Whoſe Works our Admiration raiſe;
With Rapture ſhall my Lips record
Thy Majeſty's immortal Praiſe.

ANTHEM.

I.

My Heart is inditing of a good Matter:
I ſpeak of the things
Which I have made unto the King.

II.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women.

III.

Upon thy right hand did ſtand the Queen
In Veſture of Gold:
And the King ſhall have Pleaſure
In thy Beauty.

IV.

Kings ſhall be thy Nurſing-Fathers,
And Queens thy Nurſing-Mothers.

RECIT.

Haman. O King! for ever live!
Thy Slave's Requeſt
Flows from the Duty of a loyal Breaſt.
The vaſſal *Jews*, thro' all thy Realms, diſdain
A due Subjection to thy gracious Reign:
They boaſt their God will plead their Cauſe,
Reſtore their Temple, and their Laws.
Ah! would my Sov'reign in his Slave confide,
I ſoon would humble their pernicious Pride,
Whoſe impious Ardour to rebel,
Captivity's too mild to quell.
Ahaſ. Go ſettle then my Realm's Repoſe;
Avenge thy Monarch on his Foes;

Purſue

Purſue their Pride with a relentleſs Hand,
And purge Rebellion from the tainted Land.

SONG.

Ahaſ. *Endleſs Fame thy Days adorning,*
Glory brighter than the Morning
Shall reward thy faithful Care;
Titles, all their Luſtre lending,
To thy lateſt Race deſcending,
Shall thy Prince's Love declare. Da Capo.

RECIT.

Habdonah. 'Tis greater far to ſpare than to deſtroy.
Haman. I'll hear no more, it is decreed
All the *Jewiſh* Race ſhall bleed.

SONG.

Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land;
Shall I the God of Iſrael *fear?*
Let Jewiſh *Blood dye every Hand;*
Nor Age nor Sex I ſpare.
Raſe their Temples to the Ground,
And let their Place no more be found.

CHORUS.

Shall we the God of Iſrael *fear?*
Nor Age nor Sex we'll ſpare,
Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land.

RECIT.

Prieſt Iſraelite. Jeruſalem no more ſhall mourn,
In ſad Captivity forlorn.

The

The righteous God in whom we truſt
Will be propitious to the Juſt.
To Rapture then your Voices raiſe,
And change your Sighs to Songs of Praiſe.

SONG.

Tune your Harps to chearful Strain,
Moulder Idols into Duſt;
Great Jehovah *lives and reigns,*
We in great Jehovah *truſt.* Da Capo.

RECIT.

Eſther. Thus pleas'd is the Almighty to diſpenſe,
In Ways unknown to us, his Providence.

SONG.

No more diſconſolate I mourn,
No more ſad Sack-cloth wear;
From Chains to Freedom we return,
To Tranſport from Deſpair.

RECIT.

Prieſt Iſraelite. Now Perſecution ſhall lay by her iron Rod,
Eſther is Queen, and *Eſther* ſerves the living God.

RECIT. *accompany'd.*

Methinks I ſee each ſtately Tow'r
Of *Salem* riſe, by *Eſther*'s Pow'r:
She ſhall break the captive Chain,
And *Zion* learn our Songs again.

SONG.

SONG.

Sacred Raptures chear my Breaſt,
Ruſhing Tides of hallow'd Zeal;
Joys too fierce to be expreſs'd,
In this ſwelling Heart I feel.

Warm Enthuſiaſtic Fires
In my panting Boſom roll;
Hope of Bliſs that ne'er expires
Dawns upon my raviſh'd Soul.

CHORUS.

Shall we of Servitude complain,
The heavy Yoke and galling Chain?

RECIT.

Iſraelite. How have our Sins provok'd the Lord?
Wild Perſecution has unſheath'd the Sword.
Haman hath ſent forth his Decree.
The Sons of *Iſrael* all
Shall in one Ruin fall.

RECIT. *accompany'd.*

Methinks I hear the Mothers Groans,
While Babes are daſh'd againſt the Stones.
I hear the Infants ſhriller Screams,
Stabb'd at the Mother's Breaſt:
Blood ſtains the Murd'rer's Veſt,
And through the City flows in Streams.

SONG.

SONG.

O Jordan, Jordan, *ſacred Tide,*
Shall we no more behold thee glide
The fertile Vales along,
As in our great Forefathers Days?
Shall not thy Hills reſound with Praiſe,
And learn our holy Song? Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Ye Sons of Iſrael *mourn,*
Ye never to your Country ſhall return.



E S T H E R.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

P A R T II. S C E N E I.

CHORUS.

TYRANTS may a while preſume
They never ſhall receive their Doom:
But they ſoon ſhall trembling know,
Stern Juſtice ſtrikes the ſureſt Blow.

RECITATIVE.

ESTHER, MORDECAI, *and* Iſraelites.

Eſther. Why ſits that Sorrow on thy Brow?
Why is thy reverend Head
With mournful Aſhes ſpread?
Why is the humble Sackcloth worn?
Speak, *Mordecai*, my Kinſman, Friend, ſpeak,
And let *Eſther* know,
Why all this ſolemn Woe?

Mordecai. One Fate involves us all,
Haman's Decree, to ſtrike at me,
Hath ſaid that every *Jew* ſhall fall.
Go, ſtand before the King, with weeping Eye.
Eſther. Who goes unſummon'd, by the Law ſhall die.
Prieſt Iſraelite. Haſte to the King, his Mercy crave,
Truſt to th' Almighty, and be brave.
Why wer't thou rais'd to *Perſia's* Throne?
Not for thy Sake alone.

SONG.

Mordecai. *Dread not, righteous Queen, the Danger,*
Love will pacify his Anger;
Fear is due to God alone:
Follow great Jehovah's *Calling,*
For thy Kindred's Safety falling,
Death is better than a Throne. Da Capo.

RECIT.

Eſther. I go, the Pow'r of Grief to prove,
O may that Grief Compaſſion move!

SONG.

Tears aſſiſt me, Pity moving;
Juſtice cruel Fraud reproving;
Hear, O God, thy Servant's Pray'r!
Is it Blood that muſt atone?
Take, O take my Life alone,
And thy choſen People ſpare.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Save us, O Lord, and blunt the wrathful Sword.

RECIT.

O Heav'n, protect her, with thy tender Care,
And make the King propitious to her Pray'r!

SONG.

Hope, a pure and lasting Treasure,
Pouring in its balmy Pleasure,
Sooths the bitter Pangs of Woe:
Hope, to trust in Heaven, inviting,
Now with peaceful Views delighting,
Clears the gloomy Storm below.

RECIT.

Ahas. Who dares intrude into our Presence
Without our Leave? It is decreed
He dies for this audacious Deed.
Ha! *Esther* there! The Law condemns,
But Love will spare.
Esther. My Spirits sink; alas! I faint.
Ahas. Ye Pow'rs! what Paleness spreads her beauteous Face!
Esther, awake, thou fairest of thy Race!
Esther, awake and live, 'tis my Command;
Behold the golden Scepter in my Hand,
Sure Sign of Grace; the bloody, stern Decree,
Was never meant, my Queen, to strike at thee.

DUET.

Eſther. *Who calls my parting Soul from Death?*
Ahaſ. *Awake my Soul, my Life, my Breath.*
Eſther. *Hear my Suit, or elſe I die.*
Ahaſ. *Ask, my Queen, can I deny?*

ARIA.

O beauteous Queen, uncloſe thoſe Eyes,
My Faireſt ſhall not bleed;
Hear Love's ſoft Voice that bids thee riſe,
And bids thy Suit ſucceed.
Ask and 'tis granted, from this Hour
Who ſhares our Heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

Eſther. If I find Favour in thy Sight,
May the great Monarch of the Eaſt
Honour my Feaſt,
And deign to be his Servant's Gueſt;
The King and *Haman* I invite.

SONG.

Ahaſ. *How can I ſtay when Love invites?*
I come, my Queen, to chaſte Delights:
With Joy, with Pleaſure I obey,
To thee I give the Day.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

Iſraelite. With inward Joy his Viſage glows,
He to the Queen's Apartment goes.

Beauty

Beauty hath his Fury charm'd,
And all his Wrath disarm'd.

SONG.

Virtue, Truth, and Innocence,
Shall ever be her sure Defence:
She is Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Propitious Heav'n will hear her Pray'r.

RECIT.

Israelite. The King will listen to his royal Fair,
And own her lovely Prevalence of Prayer.

ANTHEM.

Blessed are all they that fear the Lord!
God save the King!
Let the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah!
Long live the King!
May the King live for ever! Amen, Hallelujah!



E S T H E R.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART III. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

ISRAELITE.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light,
Whose Ministers are Flames of Fire,
Arise, and execute thine Ire!

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes.

AHASUERUS, HAMAN, *Israelites.*

Ahas. Now, O Queen, thy Suit declare,
Ask half my Empire, and 'tis thine.
Esther. O gracious King! my People spare,
For in their Lives you strike at mine.

Re-

Reverse the dire Decree, the blow is aim'd
At *Mordecai* and Me.
And is the Fate of *Mordecai* decreed?
Who, when the Ruffian's Sword
Sought to destroy my royal Lord,
Brought forth to light the desperate Deed.
Ahas. Yes, yes, I own to him alone
I owe my Life and Throne:
Say then, my Queen, who dare presume
The Life to which Reward is due?
Esther. 'Tis *Haman*'s hate that sign'd his Fate.
Ahas. I swear, by yon bright Globe of Light
Which rules the Day, that *Haman*'s Sight
Shall never more behold the golden Ray.

RECIT. *accompany'd.*

Haman. Turn not, O Queen, thy Face away;
Behold me prostrate on the Ground.
O speak! his growing Fury stay,
Let Mercy in thy Sight be found.

SONG.

Esther. *Flatt'ring Tongue, no more I hear thee,*
Vain are all thy cruel Wiles;
Bloody Wretch, no more I fear thee,
Vain thy Frowns, and vain thy Smiles:
Tyrant, when of Pow'r possess'd;
Now thou trembleſt, when distress'd.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Ahaſ. Guards, ſeize the Traitor, bear him hence.
Death ſhall reward the dire Offence.
To *Mordecai* be Honour paid,
The royal Garment bring;
My Diadem ſhall grace his Head:
Let him in Triumph through the Streets be led
Who ſav'd the King.

SONG.

Thro' the Nation he ſhall be
Next in Dignity to me.
All my People ſhall revere
Merit, to their Prince ſo dear.
Daily to his honour'd Name,
Incenſe ſhall on Altars flame.

CHORUS.

All applauding Crowds around,
Shall his deathleſs Fame reſound.

SONG.

Haman. *How art thou fallen from thy Height!*
Tremble, Ambition, at the Sight,
In Pow'r let Mercy ſway;
When adverſe Fortune is thy Lot,
And thou by Mercy be forgot,
And periſh in that Day.

SONG

SONG.

Esther. *I'll proclaim the wond'rous Story*
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day-spring's dawning Glory
Till the fading Day of Eve.

Mord. *All the Bleſſings Heav'n is lending*
We'll defend our grateful Lays,
To his radiant Throne aſcending,
Wafted on the Wings of Praiſe.

DUET.

In exalted Rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'rs combining
To declare his endleſs praiſe.

CHORUS.

The Lord our Enemy has ſlain;
Ye Sons of Jacob, *ſing a chearful Strain:*
Sing Songs of Praiſe, bow down the Knee,
The Worſhip of our God is free.
The Lord our Enemy has ſlain,
For ever bleſſed be thy holy Name!
Let Heaven and Earth his Praiſe proclaim.

FINIS.

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Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
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HAMAN.
MORDECAI.
HABDONAH.
ISRAELITES.

E S T H E R.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

ESTHER.

BREATHE ſoft, ye Gales;
Ye Rills, in Silence roll;
And heav'nly Peace reſide
In *Eſther's* Soul.

SONG.

Watchful Angels, let me ſhare
Your indulgent, daily Care.

RECITATIVE.

O King of Kings! celeſtial Lord!
Whoſe Works our Admiration raiſe;
With Rapture ſhall my Lips record
Thy Majeſty's immortal Praiſe.

ANTHEM.

I.

My Heart is inditing of a good Matter:
I ſpeak of the things
Which I have made unto the King.

II.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women.

III.

Upon thy right Hand did ſtand the Queen
In Veſture of Gold:
And the King ſhall have Pleaſure
In thy Beauty.

IV.

Kings ſhall be thy Nurſing-Fathers,
And Queens thy Nurſing-Mothers.

RECIT.

Haman. O King! for ever live!
Thy Slave's Requeſt
Flows from the Duty of a loyal Breaſt.
The vaſſal *Jews*, thro' all thy Realms, diſdain
A due Subjection to thy gracious Reign:
They boaſt their God will plead their Cauſe,
Reſtore their Temple, and their Laws.
Ah! would my Sov'reign in his Slave confide,
I ſoon would humble their pernicious Pride,
Whoſe impious Ardour to rebel,
Captivity's too mild to quell.
Ahaſ. Go ſettle then my Realm's Repoſe;
Avenge thy Monarch on his Foes;

Purſue their Pride with a relentleſs Hand,
And purge Rebellion from the tainted Land.

SONG.

Ahaſ. *Endleſs Fame thy Days adorning,*
Glory brighter than the Morning
Shall reward thy faithful Care;
Titles, all their Luſtre lending,
To thy lateſt Race deſcending,
Shall thy Prince's Love declare. Da Capo.

RECIT.

Habdonah. 'Tis greater far to ſpare than to deſtroy.
Haman. I'll hear no more, it is decreed
All the *Jewiſh* Race ſhall bleed.

SONG.

Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land;
Shall I the God of Iſrael *fear?*
Let Jewiſh *blood dye every Hand;*
Nor Age nor Sex I ſpare.
Raſe their Temples to the Ground,
And let their Place no more be found.

CHORUS.

Shall we the God of Iſrael *fear?*
Nor Age nor Sex we'll ſpare,
Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land.

RECIT.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. *Jeruſalem* no more ſhall mourn,
In ſad Captivity forlorn.

The

The righteous God in whom we truſt
Will be propitious to the Juſt.
To Rapture then your Voices raiſe,
And change your Sighs to Songs of Praiſe.

SONG.

Tune your Harps to chearful Strain,
Moulder Idols into Duſt;
Great Jehovah *lives and reigns,*
We in great Jehovah *truſt.* Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Shall we of Servitude complain,
The heavy Yoke and galling Chain?

RECIT.

Mordecai. How have our Sins provok'd the Lord?
Wild Perſecution has unſheath'd the Sword.
Haman hath ſent forth his Decree.
The Sons of *Iſrael* all
Shall in one Ruin fall.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Methinks I hear the Mothers Groans,
While Babes are daſh'd againſt the Stones.
I hear the Infants ſhriller Screams,
Stabb'd at the Mother's Breaſt:
Blood ſtain's the Murd'rer's Veſt,
And through the City flows in Streams.

SONG.

SONG.

O Jordan, Jordan, *ſacred Tide,*
Shall we no more behold thee glide
The fertile Vales along,
As in our great Forefathers Days?
Shall not thy Hills reſound with Praiſe,
And learn our holy Song? Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Ye Sons of Iſrael *mourn,*
Ye never to your Country ſhall return.



E S T H E R.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART II. SCENE I.

CHORUS.

TYRANTS may a while preſume
They never ſhall receive their Doom:
But they ſoon ſhall trembling know,
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Why is thy reverend Head
With mournful Aſhes ſpread?
Why is the humble Sackcloth worn?
Speak, *Mordecai*, my Kinſman, Friend, ſpeak,
And let *Eſther* know,
Why all this ſolemn Woe?

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Mordecai. One Fate involves us all,
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Hath ſaid that every *Jew* ſhall fall.
Go, ſtand before the King, with weeping Eye.
Eſther. Who goes unſummon'd, by the Law ſhall die.
Mordecai. Haſte to the King, his Mercy crave,
Truſt to th' Almighty, and be brave.
Why wer't thou rais'd to *Perſia's* Throne?
Not for thy Sake alone.

SONG.

Dread not, righteous Queen, the Danger,
Love will pacify his Anger;
Fear is due to God alone:
Follow great Jehovah's *Calling,*
For thy Kindred's Safety falling,
Death is better than a Throne. Da Capo.

RECIT.

Eſther. I go, the Pow'r of Grief to prove,
O may that Grief Compaſſion move!

SONG.

Tears aſſiſt me, Pity moving;
Juſtice cruel Fraud reproving;
Hear, O God, thy Servant's Pray'r!
Is it Blood that muſt atone?
Take, O take my Life alone,
And thy choſen People ſpare.

CHORUS.

Save us, O Lord, and blunt the wrathful Sword.

RECIT.

Eſther. O Heav'n, protect me, with thy tender Care,
And make the King propitious to my Pray'r!

RECIT.

Ahaſ. Who dares intrude into our Preſence
Without our Leave? It is decreed
He dies for this audacious Deed.
Ha! *Eſther* there! The Law condemns,
But Love will ſpare.
Eſther. My Spirits ſink; alas! I faint.
Ahaſ. Ye Pow'rs! what Paleneſs ſpreads her beauteous Face!
Eſther, awake, thou faireſt of thy Race!
Eſther, awake and live, 'tis my Command;
Behold the golden Scepter in my Hand,
Sure Sign of Grace; the bloody, ſtern Decree,
Was never meant, my Queen, to ſtrike at thee.

DUET.

Eſther. *Who calls my parting Soul from Death?*
Ahaſ. *Awake my Soul, my Life, my Breath.*
Eſther. *Hear my Suit, or elſe I die.*
Ahaſ. *Ask, my Queen, can I deny?*

ARIA.

ARIA.

O beauteous Queen, uncloſe thoſe Eyes,
My Faireſt ſhall not bleed;
Hear Love's ſoft Voice that bids thee riſe,
And bids thy ſuit ſucceed.
Ask and 'tis granted, from this Hour
Who ſhares our Heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r.
Da Capo.

RECIT.

Eſther. If I find Favour in thy Sight,
May the great Monarch of the Eaſt
Honour my Feaſt,
And deign to be his Servant's Gueſt;
The King and *Haman* I invite.

SONG.

Ahaſ. *How can I ſtay when Love invites?*
I come, my Queen, to chaſte Delights:
With Joy, with Pleaſure I obey,
To thee I give the Day. Da Capo.

RECIT.

Eſther. The Lord his People ſhall reſtore,
And we in *Salem* ſhall adore.

DUET *and* CHORUS.

Sion *now her Head ſhall raiſe;*
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praiſe.

RECIT.

Mordecai. With inward Joy his Viſage glows,
He to the Queen's Apartment goes.
Beauty hath his Fury charm'd,
And all his Wrath diſarm'd.

SONG.

May thy Beauty ſweetly pleaſing,
All its pow'rful Charms impart;
With new Luſtre ſtill increaſing,
To engage the Monarch's Heart! Da Capo.

RECIT.

Mordecai. The King will liſten to his royal Fair,
And own her lovely Prevalence of Prayer.

ANTHEM.

Bleſſed are all they that fear the Lord!
God ſave the King!
Let the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah!
Long live the King!
May the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah!

E S T H E R.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART III. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

MORDECAI.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light,
Whose Miniſters are Flames of Fire,
Ariſe, and execute thine Ire!

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes.

RECIT.

Iſraelitiſh Woman. Permit me, Queen, with duteous addreſs
Thus to congratulate your due Succeſs.

SONG.

How ſweet the Roſe, in vernal Bloom delighting,
When the gay Spring, with various Charms inviting,
In the glad Year reſumes her Part!
Nature then triumphs in her flow'ry Treaſure:
But far more ſweet and charming is the Pleaſure,
When Love with Beauty points his Dart.

AHASUE-

AHASUERUS, HAMAN, *Iſraelites.*

Ahaſ. Now, O Queen, thy Suit declare,
Ask half my Empire, and 'tis thine.
Eſther. O gracious King! my People ſpare,
For in their Lives you ſtrike at mine.
Reverſe the dire Decree, the blow is aim'd
At *Mordecai* and Me.
And is the Fate of *Mordecai* decreed?
Who, when the Ruffian's Sword
Sought to deſtroy my royal Lord,
Brought forth to light the deſperate Deed.
Ahaſ. Yes, yes, I own to him alone
I owe my Life and Throne:
Say then, my Queen, who dare preſume
The Life to which Reward is due?
Eſther. 'Tis *Haman*'s Hate that ſign'd his Fate.
Ahaſ. I ſwear, by yon bright Globe of Light
Which rules the Day, that *Haman*'s Sight
Shall never more behold the golden Ray.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Haman. Turn not, O Queen, thy Face away;
Behold me proſtrate on the Ground.
O ſpeak! his growing Fury ſtay,
Let Mercy in thy Sight be found.

SONG.

Eſther. *Flatt'ring Tongue, no more I hear thee,*
Vain are all thy cruel Wiles;
Bloody Wretch, no more I fear thee,
Vain thy Frowns, and vain thy Smiles:
Tyrant, when of Pow'r poſſeſs'd;
Now thou trembleſt, when diſtreſs'd. Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECIT.

Ahaſ. Guards, ſeize the Traitor, bear him hence.
Death ſhall reward the dire Offence.
To *Mordecai* be Honour paid,
The royal Garment bring;
My Diadem ſhall grace his Head:
Let him in Triumph through the Streets be led
Who ſav'd the King.

SONG.

Thro' the Nation he ſhall be
Next in Dignity to me.
All my People ſhall revere
Merit, to their Prince ſo dear.
Daily to his honour'd Name,
Incenſe ſhall on Altars flame.

CHORUS.

All applauding Crowds around,
Shall his deathleſs Fame reſound.

RECIT.

Eſther. By thee, great Prince, we now again are freed,
All *Iſrael* ſhall praiſe the glorious Deed.

SONG.

This glorious Deed defending,
We'll triumph o'er the Foe;
Still ever thee commending,
From whom theſe Bleſſings flow.

Now all we wiſh poſſeſſing,
Tenfold on Thee the Bleſſing:
Life, Liberty, and Peace,
May gracious Heaven increaſe! Da Capo.

SONG.

Haman. *How art thou fallen from thy Height!*
Tremble, Ambition, at the Sight,
In Pow'r let Mercy ſway;
When adverſe Fortune is thy Lot,
And thou by Mercy be forgot,
And periſh in that Day.

SONG.

Eſther. *I'll proclaim the wond'rous Story*
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day-ſpring's dawning Glory
Till the fading Day of Eve.

Mord. *All the Bleſſings Heav'n is lending*
We'll defend our grateful Lays,
To his radiant Throne aſcending,
Wafted on the Wings of Praiſe.

DUET.

In exalted Rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'rs combining
To declare his endleſs Praiſe.

CHORUS.

The Lord our Enemy has ſlain;
Ye Sons of Jacob, *ſing a chearful Strain:*
Sing Songs of Praiſe, bow down the Knee,
The Worſhip of our God is free.
The Lord our Enemy has ſlain,
For ever bleſſed be thy holy Name!
Let Heaven and Earth his Praiſe proclaim.

FINIS.

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ISRAEL

IN

BABYLON.

AN

ORATORIO.

The Music selected from the Works of

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And Sold by W. Griffin, in Fetter-lane, G. Kearsly, in Ludgate-ſtreet; W. Flexney, near Gray's-inn-gate, Holborn; and J. Walter, at Charing-Croſs.

M DCC LXIV.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Israel in Babylon

The Music of this Oratorio, as published by Walsh,
ntains only the Overture, and the Songs & Airs - with
- addition of the "Chorus of Soldiers", and the March that
ceeds it, in the 2d. Act. - All the other Choruses &
ni Choruses, and the Quintett, Duets & Recitatives, as well
the "Solemn Symphony" in the 3d Act, are entirely omitted. -

Pasticcio from Handel - Israel in Babylon, compiled
by Toms. 1765." [Burney's Hist. of Music Vol IV. p. 666]

PREFACE.

THE Subject of this Drama may be found in the ſecond, third, and fourth Chapters, of the Firſt Book of Eſdras.

The Muſic (except ſome of the Recitatives) is ſelected from the Works of the late Mr. Handel: To give the Public a Collection that is not common, I have taken but two Movements from his Oratorios; one of which has been long diſuſed; the other is an Inſtrumental Piece, which appears here in a Duetto; the other parts of the Collection are from his Anthems, ſeveral of which were never Printed, and are only to be found in the Poſſeſſion of the Curious; from his Operas, now little known; and ſome favourite Fuges and Airs in his Concertos, &c. which will appear in a new, and I hope, an acceptable Light. The difficulties of Writing to this kind of Muſic, can only be known by thoſe who have made the Experiment, and is therefore the beſt Apology I can offer for the Incorrectneſs of the Verſification.

It would be ungenerous, not to acknowledge the Advice and Aſſiſtance I have received from ſeveral of my Friends in this Work, and in particular from one whoſe Time and Abilities are devoted to the Service of his Friends, as I have repeatedly experienced; and gladly ſeize this firſt Opportunity of publickly thanking Mr. Samuel Howard, for the many favours I have received from him.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Darius King of Persia.

Zorobabel

Salathiel

Pharez

And the Chorus of Israelites.

SCENE.

Babylon, and the Palace of Darius near it.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

ACT I.

CHORUS.

TO Iſrael's *God, united, raiſe*
The tribute, ſong of praiſe;
Let ev'ry grateful voice proclaim
Jehovah's awful name.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Well have ye done, my brethren, thus to praiſe
Our gracious God, for boundleſs mercies ſhewn
To Iſrael's captive race. The time is come,
For our deliv'rance from the Heathen's bonds.

The prophet Jeremiah this foretold,
Full ſeventy years Judeah's ſoil ſhould reſt,
Nor feel the plough; (type of our holy ſabbath)
While all her wretched ſons in bondage groan
For their offences 'gainſt God's holy law.
The great decree, that Cyrus had ſent forth
Before his death, Darius has confirm'd;
And to our land we quickly ſhall return.
The holy temple, like th' Arabian bird,
Does, from it's aſhes, with new ſplendor riſe.

AIR.

See her awful domes aſcending,
" Columns ſwelling, arches bending ;"
Golden roofs majeſtic riſe,
And lofty ſpires, that reach the ſkies.

AIR.

No more ſhall Edom's ſons deride,
No more exult, with haughty pride ;
Inſulting o'er our ſorrow, ſay,
Come, ſing us Sion's chearful lay :
Nor proud Euphrates, as he flows,
Be witneſs to our heart-felt woes.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

The dreadful gloom of ſorrow is diſpers'd
And glorious freedom with new luſtre ſhines;

No

No more the ſervile taſk ſhall be impos'd,
By lordly tyrants, in a foreign land.

DUETTO.

On our paternal mead,
Our fleecy flocks ſhall feed;
Or climb to Carmel's ſhaggy ſide,
Or quench their thirſt in Jordan's tide.
And Jordan, as he glides along,
Shall eccho back the ſhepherd's ſong.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

The king conſents to hear our triple plea,
To prove what 'tis that boaſts ſuperiour ſtrength.
But, O my friends, join not their Heathen rites,
Nor give the praiſes, due to God alone,
To the bright Sun, created by *His word!*
But, 'ere we go, to great Jehovah's Name,
Here, let us offer up the ſacred ſong.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and glorify his name;
And to the vaulted ſky his praiſe proclaim:
Let angels join the joyful ſound;
And heav'n, and earth, his praiſe reſound.

AIR

AIR.

SALATHIEL.

Ceaſe, ah! ceaſe your ſongs of joy;
To ſorrow tune your lay:
With deepeſt ſighs of woe,
Let tears of anguiſh flow.

ZOROBABEL.

What means my father, whence this ſudden change?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

SALATHIEL.

Our hopes of freedom are for ever fled.----
Our antient enemies of Cæloſyria,
And of Phœnicia, have together join'd;
In blackeſt terms that malice can invent,
Have repreſented us as foes to kings,
A turbulent, rebellious, reſtleſs race.
On this account; Darius has revers'd,
The great decree which Cyrus made
Before his death.------
The building of the temple now is ſtopp'd;
And we condemn'd, in bondage ſtill to groan.

CHORUS.

Oh, wretched Iſrael, doom'd to know,
The dire extent of grief, and woe;
No cheering hope, alas! remains,
To free us from our galling chains.

AIR

AIR.

An ISRAELITE.

O thou Almighty pow'r,
Whom Iſrael's ſons adore;
From thy eternal throne,
Oh, look with pity down.

DUETTO, AND CHORUS.

Let thine ear, O Lord,
Incline to hear our pray'r;
And in thy tender mercy,
Wretched Iſrael ſpare.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

O had we in our great proſperity,
Attended to the dictates of God's law,
Nor fondly worſhip'd idols made with hands;
He would not then have giv'n us as a prey,
To unbelieving cruel enemies.

AIR.

Humble, patient, bear the rod,
Of an high offended God;
Juſt his judgments, tho' ſevere,
Yet ſtill his people are his care.
When our fathers cry'd, diſtreſt,
By haughty Pharoah ſore oppreſt;

With ſtretcht-out arm, and mighty hand,
He brought them forth from Egypt's land.
Patient bear th' afflicting rod,
Of an high offended God.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

O let us not deſpair; what God hath ſpoken
Shall be fulfill'd in all its full extent;
For weak and vain is earthly oppoſition
To the decree of the Moſt High.

AIR.

Truſt in God, his arm alone,
Can cruſh our potent foe;
Can raiſe the weak, ſubdue the ſtrong,
And bring the mighty low.
Unſearchable the ways,
Omnipotence diſplays;
By great intents unſeen,
He guides this vaſt machine.

RECITATIVE.

SALATHIEL.

See, in the weſt the ruddy ſun deſcends;
In ſteadfaſt hope of the Almighty's pow'r,
Here let us offer up the ſuppliant ſong;
And then attend Darius at his feaſt.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Riſe O God! with glory crown'd,
Triumphant riſe!
And let thy arm confound,
Our Enemies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Save, Oh ſave us from Deſpair,
Shew that Iſrael is thy care.

CHORUS.

Riſe O God! with glory crown'd,
Triumphant riſe!
And let thy arm confound,
Our enemies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

By thy prophets thou haſt ſworn,
Unto our land we ſhould return.

CHORUS.

On the word of the Lord, we will firmly depend;
For his arm can alone, his choſen race defend.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Scene, a magnificent Hall, Darius *ſeated on his Throne ſurrounded by his Nobles,* &c.

RECITATIVE.

SALATHIEL.

I SING the produce of the vine
The ſtrength and pow'r of mighty wine.---
O ye men, how ſtrong is wine!
Its ſubtle pow'r deprives us of our reaſon;
And makes the wiſeſt do fantaſtic things.
Have ye beheld a wretch that groans beneath
A load of care, or ſuffers tort'ring pain?
Let him but drink of the inſpiring juice,
His anguiſh ends, and ev'ry thought is joy;
Nor more remembers ſorrow, pain, or debt.
What is it prompts the merry midnight ſong?
Prolongs the hours, and crowns the plenteous feaſt?

AIR.

'Tis mighty wine inſpires us,
With ev'ry jocund pleaſure;
With joy that knows no meaſure,
The feſtive hours are crown'd.

Each

Each flowing goblet fires us,
All gloomy care we baniſh;
All palid fear will vaniſh,
And mirth alone abound.

RECITATIVE.

The force of wine can elevate alike,
The bond-man and the free, the poor and rich;
The loweſt ſubject, and the lordly ruler,
Are higher rais'd by its prevailing pow'r.

AIR AND CHORUS.

'Tis Gen'rous Wine exalts all human things,
" Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings."

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

In more majeſtic ſtrains I ſing,
The ſtrength and pow'r of Perſia's king.---
O ye men that bear ſuperior rule
O'er land and ſea, and all that they contain;
Is he not ſtrongeſt who commands all men?
How fatal! how deſtructive, are the frowns
Of anger'd majeſty, to all his foes;
Straight at his word his ſubjects ruſh to arms.

AIR.

Like the raging ocean's force,
His armies take their rapid courſe,

With

With swift destruction sweep away,
The nations who oppose his sway.

AIR.

Applauding crouds around,
The victors name resound,
And hail him good and great,
With fame and conquest crown'd.
While captive slaves, a num'rous train,
In anguish drag the galling chain,
And mourn their hapless fate.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

The glorious day is won,
Wake ev'ry martial sound,
Tell all the regions round,
Triumphant we return;
From sanguine fields with slaughter spread,
O'er mountains of the vanquish'd dead;
The dreadful carnage now is o'er,
Our monarch's vengeance glows no more:
Rich in honor, rich in spoils,
We come to rest from all our toils.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

He speaks; and hostile fury curbs its rage,
The horrid din of war is heard no more.

AIR.

AIR.

Balmy peace at his command,
Crowns with joy the happy land;
Commerce ſpreads her ſwelling ſail,
Riches flow with ev'ry gale;
Smiling plenty brings her train,
Pleaſures in her preſence reign.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

Say O ye men, is there a pow'r can vie
With Perſia's king; who is in all obey'd?

CHORUS.

Great and glorious is the king,
From him all pow'r, all honors ſpring,
Conquer'd nations own his ſway,
Diſtant lands his nod obey.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

'Tis not ye men, 'tis not the pow'r of wine,
Nor Perſia's king that rules with boundleſs ſway;
'Tis *woman* only boaſts ſuperior ſtrength.
By her the king, and all mankind are borne,
And o'er them all ſhe holds the full dominion;
For her they toil, and ev'ry danger brave;
To her they bring the produce of their labour,

And wait to catch from her th' approving ſmile,
While gazing throngs are fir'd with fond deſires.

AIR.

Around the Fair attending,
To her ſubmiſſive bending;
Our yielding hearts confeſs her ſway,
All, her ſuperior pow'r obey.

SONG.

At her feet the warriours lay,
The trophies of the hard-fought day;
Soothing looks, and am'rous ſmiles;
The ſweet reward of all their toils.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

See the fond youth whoſe heart is fill'd with love,
If the coy fair rejects it with diſdain;
What wild diſtraction! how he foams and raves!---
Nor boaſting wiſdom can her charms withſtand,
And lordly reaſon is by her controul'd:
Ev'n hoary age to her will yield his treaſure,
And feels new vigour in his languid veins.

QUINTETTO.

When beauty's charms inviting,
To pleaſures moſt delighting;
What tranſports fill the heart!
What bliſs her ſmiles impart!

SEMI-

SEMI-CHORUS.

But when her charms poſſeſſing,
How great the joy, the bleſſing?
Deſpotic o'er the conquer'd ſoul ſhe reigns,
And binds the willing ſlave in pleaſing chains.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Do you allow 'tis woman's pow'rful charms;
That rule unrivall'd over all mankind?
Or muſt I bring a more convincing proof?
Is not the king moſt mighty and ſupreme?
Do not whole regions tremble at his nod?
I ſaw him ſeated on his ſplendid throne;
Before him all the lords of Perſia bow'd:
At his right hand the fair Apame ſat.

AIR.

On the charmer fondly gazing,
Love, his heart reſiſtleſs ſeizing,
Raptures fill'd the hero's breaſt.
To her ſmiles with ſmiles replying,
Tender ſighs, repay'd with ſighing,
Ev'ry care was lull'd to reſt.
Ambition, glory, fame ſubſiding;
She the monarch thus deriding,

Took the laurel from his brow;
With beauteous pride,
The fair one cry'd;
Tell me who's the victor now?
On her snowy breast reclining,
Pomp and state for her resigning,
Prov'd that love rules all below.

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Say O ye men, if such is woman's pow'r,
Is not her mighty strength unrivall'd yet?

CHORUS.

Strong the king whom all obey,
And great the force of wine;
But stronger far is woman's sway,
To her we willing homage pay,
To her our claim resign.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

GIVE to Zorobabel the due reward,
The purple robe, the cup of massy gold,
The gilded chariot, and the stately bed;
Around his head the tire of linnen bind,
And let the richest chain adorn his neck.

A SOLEMN SYMPHONY.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

Hark! in a more exalted strain
He strikes his tuneful lyre again.

AIR.

Sacred truth! my song inspire,
With thy bright celestial fire;
Before thee subtle falshood flies,
Stript of all her mean disguise.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

ZOROBABEL.

Great is the earth, and high th' azur'd Heav'n!
Bright is the Sun that ſwiftly runs his courſe!
How great that pow'r whoſe hand hath form'd them all!

SONG.

The glorious Sun, the radiant Moon,
And ev'ry orb that gilds the ſky;
To primal darkneſs ſhall return,
And Heav'n and Earth ſhall paſs away.

CHORUS.

But truth triumphant ſhall endure,
On Adamantine rock ſecure.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

ZOROBABEL.

Unnumber'd evils are produc'd by wine;
Wicked the king, and all the ſons of men;
Women are falſe, and ſoon their charms will fade.
See truth more radiant than the day,
Chace errors gloomy miſts away;
And reaſon in her native charms diſplay.

AIR.

AIR.

" *Ere the orbs in Ether hung,*
" *Truth ſhone amid the heav'nly throng,*
" *Her eyes beheld creation's day,*
" *Her voice began the choral lay,*
" *And taught archangels the triumphant ſong.*

CHORUS.

O God 'tis thou, 'tis thou art truth alone,
All earthly pow'r muſt bend before thy throne.
Bleſſed be the God of truth.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

Aſk what thou wilt beſides the gifts appointed,
And here I vow to grant thy full requeſt;
Should'ſt thou demand half of my wide domain;
For thou art wiſeſt found. By me be ſeated
And henceforth call'd the couſin of Darius

ZOROBABEL.

O king, with thankful heart, thy loweſt ſlave,
Before thy throne with due ſubmiſſion bends;
Unworthy of the honors you beſtow.
Not for myſelf, will I your bounty tax,
But if I have found favour in thy ſight

AIR AND CHORUS.

ZOROBABEL.

Hear a nation's deep diſtreſs,
Iſrael's mighty griefs redreſs.

DUETTO.

See our tears inceſſant flow,
Mark our dark deſpair and woe.

CHORUS.

Hear a nation's deep diſtreſs,
Iſrael's mighty griefs redreſs.

DUETTO.

Holy Salem on thee calls,
Mourning her unfiniſh'd walls;
All her ſons dejected mourn,
From their hopes of freedom torn.

CHORUS.

Hear a nation's deep diſtreſs,
Iſrael's mighty griefs redreſs.

RECITATIVE.

DARIUS.

Thy ſuit is granted; letters ſhall be wrote
To all the rulers of the provinces,

That

That they protect you to your native land.
I will appoint the neceſſary ſums;
To build your temple and maintain your off'ring.
Your holy veſſels ſhall be all reſtor'd;
The will of Cyrus be in full obey'd.
Be you Zorobabel the governor;
From tribute free remain our firm ally,
And may the God of truth direct your ways.

AIR.

Safely go in joy and peace,
Here your grief and woe ſhall ceaſe;
None your ſacred work ſhall ſpoil,
None moleſt your hallow'd toil.

Exit Darius and the Perſian lords.

RECITATIVE.

PHAREZ.

When we look back on all our troubles paſt,
The ſcenes of danger and the years of ſorrow,
How doubly welcome is the ſound of joy!
The dawn of glorious liberty appears,
Its rays expand, and throw a luſtre round.

AIR.

Long by ev'ry adverſe motion,
Toſt on dire affliction's ocean;

Of

Of raging winds and waves the ſport:
Now down the tide
We ſmoothly glide,
And gentle winds our ſtreamers court.
Now proſp'rous gales
Will fill our ſails,
And bring us to the deſtin'd port.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

ZOROBABEL.

To thee O God do I lift up mine eyes;
Of Thee is wiſdom, and of Thee is victory;
To Thee O king of Heav'n be glory.

SONG.

Songs of joy and chearful praiſe,
To our great preſerver raiſe,
All his wondrous acts proclaim,
And magnify his holy name.

LAST CHORUS.

To Iſrael's guardian, father, friend,
Let grateful ſtrains of thanks aſcend,
Before his awful throne;
Where angels veil'd inceſſant ſing,
To glorify th' Almighty king,
Eternal holy One.
Nations uniting his praiſe ſhall prolong,
And the concave of Heav'n re-echo the ſong.
Glory be to God alone.

Hallelujah.

AMEN.

ISRAEL

IN

EGYPT.

[Price One Shilling.]

A M E N.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

AN

ORATORIO:

OR,

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Performed

At the THEATRE ROYAL *in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Set to Muſick by GEORGE-FREDERICK HANDEL, Eſq;.

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Printed and Sold by T. WOOD, in *Little-Britain*, and at the Theatre Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. M DCC XL.

[Price One Shilling.]

[Price One Shilling.]

A M E N.

ISRAEL

IN

EGYPT.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I.

The Lamentation of the Iſraelites *for the Death of* JOSEPH.

THE Sons of *Iſrael* do mourn, and they are in Bitterneſs; all the People ſigh, and hang down their Heads to the Ground.

How is the Mighty fall'n! He that was Great among the Princes, and Ruler of the Provinces!

[Price One Shilling.]

He put on Righteouſneſs, and it cloathed him: His Judgment was a Robe and a Diadem.

When the Ear heard him, then it bleſſed him; and when the Eye ſaw him, it gave witneſs to him.

He deliver'd the Poor that cried, the Fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him.

Kindneſs, Meekneſs, and Comfort were in his Tongue.

If there was any Virtue, and if there was any Praiſe; He thought on thoſe Things.

The Righteous ſhall be had in everlaſting Remembrance; and the Wiſe ſhall ſhine as the Brightneſs of the Firmament.

Their Bodies are buried in Peace, but their Name liveth evermore.

The People will tell of their Wiſdom, and the Congregation will ſhow forth their Praiſe.

Their Reward alſo is with the LORD, and the Care of them is with the moſt High,

They

A M E N.

They ſhall receive a glorious Kingdom, and a beautiful Crown from the LORD's Hand.

The merciful Goodneſs of the LORD endureth for ever on them that fear him, and his Righteouſneſs on Childrens Children.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART

[Price One Shilling.]

A M E N.

PART II.

RECITAT.

NOW there aroſe a new King over *Egypt*, which knew not *Joſeph*: And he ſet over *Iſrael* Task-maſters to afflict them with Burdens; and they made them ſerve with Rigour.

CHORUS.

And the Children of *Iſrael* ſigh'd by the reaſon of the Bondage, and their Cry came up unto GOD.

They oppreſſed them with Burdens, and made them ſerve with Rigour.

RECIT.

Then ſent he *Moſes* his Servant, and *Aaron* whom he had choſen.

Theſe ſhowed his Signs among them, and Wonders in the Land of *Ham*.

He turned their Waters into Blood.

CHORUS.

They loathed to drink of the River.

AIR.

[Price One Shilling.]

AIR.

Their Land brought forth Frogs, yea even in their King's Chambers.

He gave their Cattle over to the Peſtilence, Botches and Blains broke forth on Man and Beaſt.

CHORUS.

He ſpake the Word, and there came all manner of Flies, and Lice in all their Quarters.

He ſpake, and the Locuſts came without number and devour'd the Fruit of their Ground.

CHORUS.

He gave them Hail-ſtones for Rain; Fire mingled with Hail, ran along upon the Ground.

CHORUS.

He ſent a thick Darkneſs over all the Land, even Darkneſs, which might be felt.

CHORUS.

He ſmote all the firſt-born of *Egypt*, the Chief of all their Strength.

CHORUS.

But as for his People, he led them forth like Sheep. He brought them out with Silver and Gold, there was not one feeble Perſon among their Tribes.

CHORUS.

A M E N.

CHORUS.

Egypt was glad when they departed, for the Fear of them fell upon them.

CHORUS.

He rebuked the Red-Sea, and it was dried up.
He led them through the Deep as through a Wilderneſs.
But the Waters over-whelmed their Enemies, there was not one of them left.

CHORUS.

And *Iſrael* ſaw that great Work, that the LORD did upon the *Egyptians*, and the People feared the LORD, and believed the LORD and his Servant *Moſes*.

The End of the Second Part.

[Price One Shilling.]

A M E N.

PART III.

MOSES's *Song.*

CHORUS.

MOSES and the Children of *Iſrael* ſang this Song unto the LORD, and ſpake ſaying;

I will ſing unto the LORD, for He hath triumphed glorioufly, the Horſe and his Rider has He thrown into the Sea.

DUETTO.

The LORD is my Strength and my Song, He is become my Salvation.

CHORUS.

He is my God, and I will prepare Him an Habitation, my Father's God.
And I will exalt Him.

DUETTO.

The LORD is a Man of War, LORD is his Name, *Pharaoh*'s Chariots and his Hoſt hath He caſt into the Sea; his choſen Captains alſo are drowned in the Red-Sea.

CHORUS.

The Depths have cover'd them, they ſank into the Bottom as a Stone.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Thy right Hand, O LORD, is become glorious in Power, thy right Hand, O LORD, hath daſhed in Pieces the Enemy.

And in the Greatneſs of thine Excellency, thou haſt overthrown them that roſe up againſt thee.

Thou ſenteſt forth thy Wrath, which conſumed them as Stubble.

CHORUS.

And with the Blaſt of thy Noſtrils, the Waters were gathered together, the Floods ſtood upright as an Heap; the Depths were congealed in the Heart of the Sea.

AIR.

The Enemy ſaid, I will purſue, I will overtake, I will divide the Spoil, my Luſt ſhall be ſatisfied upon them, I will draw my Sword, my Hand ſhall deſtroy them.

AIR.

Thou didſt blow with the Wind; the Sea covered them, they ſank as Lead in the mighty Waters.

CHO-

AMEN.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O LORD, amongſt the Gods; who is like thee, glorious in Holineſs, fearful in Praiſes, doing Wonders, then ſtretcheſt out thy right Hand.

The Earth ſwallow'd them.

DUETTO.

Thou in thy Mercy haſt led forth thy People which thou haſt redeemed. Thou haſt guided them in thy Strength unto thy holy Habitation.

CHORUS.

The People ſhall hear, and be afraid, Sorrow ſhall take hold of them, all the Inhabitants of *Canaan* ſhall melt away; by the Greatneſs of thy Arm, they ſhall be as ſtill as a Stone, 'till thy People paſs over, O LORD, which thou haſt purchaſed.

AIR.

Thou ſhalt bring them in, and plant them in the Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the Place, O LORD, which thou haſt made for thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O LORD, which thy Hands have eſtabliſhed.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The LORD ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT.

For the Horſe of *Pharaoh* went in with his Chariots, and with his Horſemen into the Sea, and the LORD brought again the Waters of the Sea upon them; but the Children of *Iſrael* went on dry Land in the midſt of the Sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT.

And *Miriam* the Propheteſs, the Siſter of *Aaron*, took a Timbrel in her Hand, and all the Women went out after her with Timbrels and with Dances, and *Miriam* anſwered them.

CHORUS.

Sing ye to the LORD, for He hath triumphed glorioufly.

The LORD ſhall reign for ever and ever.

The Horſe and his Rider has he thrown into the Sea.

FINIS.

AMEN.

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9

ISRAEL in EGYPT.

A N

ORATORIO:

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

The MUSICK Compos'd by Mr. *HANDEL.*

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[Price One Shilling.]

ISRAEL in EGYPT.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I. SCENE I.

CHORUS *of* Iſraelites.



OUR Harps and Cymbals ſound,
To great Jehovah's *Praiſe:*
Unto the Lord of Hoſts
Your willing Voices raiſe.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

High Prieſt. Almighty Pow'r, who rul'ſt the Earth and Skies,
And bade gay Order from Confuſion riſe;
Thy Servant *Joſeph* with thy Favour grace,
And ſhed thy heav'nly Glories o'er this Place!

AIR.

AIR.

Sacred Raptures chear my Breaſt,
Ruſhing Tides of hallow'd Zeal;
Joys too fierce to be expreſs'd,
In this ſwelling Heart I feel:

Warm enthuſiaſtic Fires
In my panting Boſom roll;
Hope of Bliſs, that ne'er expires,
Dawns upon my raviſh'd Soul.

RECIT.

Joſeph. Bleſs'd be the Lord, who look'd with gracious Eyes
Upon his Vaſſal's humble Sacrifice!

AIR.

What tho' I trace each Herb and Flow'r
That drinks the Morning-Dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's *Pow'r,*
How vain were all I knew!

Say, what's the reſt, but empty Boaſt,
The Pedant's idle Claim,
Who having all the Subſtance loſt,
Attempts to graſp a Name?

RECIT.

1 *Iſraelite Woman.*

Prais'd be the Lord, from whom all Wiſdom ſprings!
I bow, inraptur'd, to the King of Kings.

AIR.

AIR.

When the Sun o'er yonder Hills
Pours, in Tides, the golden Day;
Or, when quivering o'er the Rills,
In the Weſt he dies away;
He ſhall ever hear me ſing
Praiſes to th' eternal King.

RECIT.

2 *Iſraelite Woman.*

Who truſts in God ſhould ne'er deſpair,
The Juſt are Heav'ns peculiar Care.

AIR.

Happy Nation! bleſſed State!
Free from Strife and fell Debate: *Renown,*
Happy, O thrice happy they,
Who the Lord their God obey.

Balmy Peace, and wreath'd Renown, *!*
Shall the virtuous Hero crown;
And the People with him ſhare
All the Bleſſings of his Care. D. C.

Chorus, Anthem. *is People;*

The Lord hath given Strength unto his People; *leſſing of Peace.*
The Lord hath given his People the Bleſſing of Peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Iſraelite Man.

To God, our Strength, ſing loud and clear;
Sing loud to God our King;
To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud Acclamations ring.

AIR.

Sacred Raptures chear my Breaſt,
Ruſhing Tides of hallow'd Zeal;
Joys too fierce to be expreſs'd,
In this ſwelling Heart I feel:

Warm enthuſiaſtic Fires
In my panting Boſom roll;
Hope of Bliſs, that ne'er expires,
Dawns upon my raviſh'd Soul.

RECIT.

Joſeph. Bleſs'd be the Lord, who look'd with gracious Eyes
Upon his Vaſſal's h

What tho'
That dri
Did I not
How v

Say, what
The Pea
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I bow, inraptur'd, to the King of Kings.

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AIR.

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Pours, in Tides, the golden Day;
Or, when quivering o'er the Rills,
In the Weſt he dies away;
He ſhall ever hear me ſing
Praiſes to th' eternal King.

RECIT.

2 *Iſraelite Woman.*

Who truſts in God ſhould ne'er deſpair,
The Juſt are Heav'ns peculiar Care.

AIR.

May balmy Peace, and wreath'd Renown,
The virtuous Hero ever crown!
May Bliſs eternal be his Share,
Whoſe God and People are his Care!

Chorus, Anthem.

The Lord hath given Strength unto his People;
The Lord hath given his People the Bleſſing of Peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Iſraelite Man.

To God, our Strength, ſing loud and clear;
Sing loud to God our King;
To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud Acclamations ring.

Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The chearful Pſaltery bring along,
And Harp with pleaſant String.

End of the Firſt Part.

PART

PART II. SCENE I.

EXODUS.

RECITATIVE.

NOW there arose a new King over *Egypt*, who knew not *Joseph*; and he set over *Israel* Task-masters, to afflict them with Burthens; and they made them serve with Rigour.

CHORUS.

And the Children of Israel *sigh'd, by reason of the Bondage: And their Cry came up unto God.*

RECIT.

Then sent he *Moses* his Servant, and *Aaron* whom he had chosen: These shewed his Signs among them, and Wonders in the Land of *Ham.*

CHORUS.

He turned their Waters into Blood. They loathed to drink of the River.

AIR.

AIR.

Their Land brought forth Frogs, yea, even in their King's Chambers. He gave their Cattel over to the Peſtilence. Botches and Blains broke forth on Man and Beaſt.

CHORUS.

He ſpake the Word, and there came all manner of Flies, and Lice in all their Quarters.
He ſpake, and the Locuſts came without number, and devour'd the Fruit of their Ground.

CHORUS.

He gave them Hailſtones for Rain: Fire mingled with Hail ran along upon the Ground.

CHORUS.

He ſent a thick Darkneſs over all the Land, even Darkneſs that might be felt.

CHORUS.

He ſmote all the Firſt-born of Egypt, the Chief of all their Strength.

CHORUS.

But as for his People, he led them forth like Sheep. He brought them out with Silver and Gold. There was not one feeble Perſon among their Tribes.

CHORUS.

He rebuked the Red-Sea, and it was dried up. He led them through the Deep as through a Wilderneſs.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But the Waters overwhelmned their Enemies; there was not one of them left.

CHORUS.

And Iſrael *ſaw that great Work that the Lord did upon the* Egyptians, *and the People feared the Lord.*

AIR.

Hope, a pure and laſting Treaſure,
Pouring in its balmy Pleaſure,
Sooths the bitter Pangs of Woe:
Hope, to truſt in Heaven, inviting,
Now with peaceful Views delighting,
Clears the gloomy Storms below.

Chorus repeated.

And Iſrael *ſaw that great Work that the Lord did upon the* Egyptians, *and the People feared the Lord,*

Grand Chorus.

And believed the Lord, and his Servant Moſes.

End of the Second Part.

PART III. SCENE I.

MOSES's SONG,

Exodus xv.

CHORUS.

MOSES *and the Children of* Iſrael *ſung this Song unto the Lord, and ſpake, ſaying,*

CHORUS.

I will ſing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed glorioufly. The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

DUET.

The Lord is my Strength and my Song; he is become my Salvation.

DUET.

The Lord is a Man of War, the Lord is his Name; Pharaoh's *Chariots and his Hoſt, has he caſt into the Sea. His choſen Captains alſo are drowned in the Red-Sea.*

CHORUS.

The Depths have cover'd them, they ſank into the Bottom as a Stone.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Thy right Hand, O Lord, is become glorious in Power: Thy right Hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the Enemy; and in the Greatness of thine Excellency Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

AIR.

The Enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the Spoil: my Lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my Sword, my Hand shall destroy them.

AIR.

Thou didst blow with thy Wind, the Sea cover'd them, they sank as Lead in the mighty Waters.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods? Who is like thee, Glorious in Holiness, fearful in Praises, doing Wonders?

CHORUS.

my God, and I will prepare Him
Habitation, my Father's God, *them in the Mountain of*
I will exalt him. *O Lord, which thou hast*
... the Sanctuary, O Lord, which
thy Hands have established.

AIR.

Tost from Thought to Thought, I rove;
Joys surround me,
Fears confound me,
'Till my Heart is fix'd above.

Heav'n, that ever glorious Seat, RECIT.
All-inviting,
All-delighting,

PART III. SCENE I.

MOSES's SONG,

Exodus xv.

CHORUS.

MOSES *and the Children of* Israel *ſung this Song unto the Lord, and ſpake, ſaying,*

CHORUS.

I will ſing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed glorioufly. The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

DUET.

The Lord is my Strength and [illegible] tion.

DU[illegible]

The Lord is a Man of War, the Lord is his [illegible], Chariots and his Hoſt, has he caſt into the Sea. His choſen Captains alſo are drown[illegible]

C[illegible]

The Depths have cover'd th[illegible] Stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right Hand, O Lord, is become glorious in Power: Thy right Hand, O Lord, hath daſhed in pieces the Enemy; and in the Greatneſs of thine Excellency Thou haſt overthrown them that roſe up againſt thee.

AIR.

The Enemy ſaid, I will purſue, I will overtake, I will divide the Spoil: my Luſt ſhall be ſatisfied upon them; I will draw my Sword, my Hand ſhall deſtroy them.

AIR.

Thou didſt blow with thy Wind, the Sea cover'd them, they ſank as Lead in the mighty Waters.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods? Who is like thee, Glorious in Holineſs, fearful in Praiſes, doing Wonders?

AIR.

Thou ſhalt bring them in, and plant them in the Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the Place, O Lord, which thou haſt made for Thee to dwell in; in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy Hands have eſtabliſhed.

Grand Chorus.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT.

For the Horſes of *Pharaoh* went in with his Chariots, and with his Horſemen into the Sea; and the Lord brought again the Waters of the Sea upon them: But the Children of *Iſrael* went on dry Land in the midſt of the Sea.

Chorus repeated.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT.

And *Miriam*, the Propheteſs, the Siſter of *Aaron*, took a Timbrel in her Hand; and all the Women went out after her with Timbrels and with Dances, and *Miriam* anſwered them,

AIR and CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly:
The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

FINIS.

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ISRAEL in EGYPT,

A N

O R A T O R I O.

O R

S A C R E D D R A M A.

As it is performed at the

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I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

The Chorus's entire, and the Songs from other the Works of
GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, Esq.

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[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DAVID, King of *Iſrael.*
ZECHARIAH,
BENAIAH,
MATTATHIAH,
} Levites, 1 Chron, xvi. 4.

CHORUS of *Iſraelites.*

Pſ. cv.

ISRAEL in EGYPT.

PART I.

ANTHEM.

THE Lord hath given ſtrength unto his people;
The Lord hath given his people the bleſſing of peace.

RECITATIVE.

David. Know then, my *Aſaph*, that this ſolemn day
We dedicate to Joy and Gratitude:
While we rehearſe the wond'rous works of God,
In Fire, Air, Earth and Sea diſplay'd; to give
Deliverance to the ſons of *Iſrael*,
From cruel bondage, and the iron rod
Of moſt ſevere oppreſſion.

AIR.

AIR.

O ſing ye praiſes---to great *Jehovah:*
His pow'r among the nations,
And wond'rous works proclaim.

O bleſs the Lord---the Lord *Jehovah:*
With grateful acclamations
Extol his holy name.

RECITATIVE.

Aſaph. Lo, ſire, the Sons of Muſic all attend,
With zealous ardour to obey your will,
And pay their tribute to the liſt'ning ſkies.

AIR.

Great *Jehovah,* all adoring,
And his ſaving ſtrength imploring,
In his holy name rejoice.
To record the wond'rous ſtory,
And preſerve their father's glory
All unite with heart and voice.

RECITATIVE.

David. Now there aroſe a new king over *Egypt,*
Who knew not *Joſeph*; and he ſet over *Iſrael*
Taſk-maſters, to afflict them with burthens:
And they made them ſerve with rigour.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

And the Children of *Iſrael* ſighed,
By reaſon of the Bondage:
And their Cry came up unto God.

RECITATIVE.

Then ſent he *Moſes*, his Servant,
And *Aaron*, whom he had choſen.
Theſe ſhew'd his Signs among them,
And Wonders in the Land of *Ham*.

CHORUS.

He turned their Waters into Blood.
They loathed to drink of the River.

RECITATIVE.

Zach. This the *Egyptians* did, or ſeem'd to do,
With their Inchantments; therefore *Pharaoh*'s Heart
Again was harden'd, and in ſeven Days
Relentleſs ſtill, call'd down another Plague
From the Almighty hand of Heav'n.

AIR.

AIR.

The Land brought forth Frogs,
Yea, even in the King's Chambers.
He gave their Cattle to the Peſtilence.
Blotches and Blains brake forth on Man and Beaſt.

RECITATIVE.

Ben. Nor the Magicians, with their Art profound,
Cou'd ſave themſelves from this dire Peſtilence,
That gnaw'd their Fleſh and rankled to the Bone.

AIR.

All human pow'r now failing,
No Herb or Flow'r availing:
Art, is to their confuſion,
Found but a mere deluſion;
Quell'd by Almighty Pow'r,
Magic can aid no more.
No Herb, no Flow'r, can now aſſuage their grief
Or bring relief,
Where Heav'n inflicts a pain.
No Hand, but the Almighty Pow'r above,
Befriended with his Love,
Who gave can heal the Blain. *D. C.*

RECITATIVE.

Dav. The Plague now ceas'd, and Pharoah's ſtubborn Heart
Again rebell'd; again provok'd the Lord.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

He ſpake the Word, and there came
All Manner of Flies, and Lice in all their Quarters.
He ſpake, and the Locuſts came without Number,
And devoured the Fruits of the Ground.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Matt. This new Creation baffled all the Art
Of wily Magic; all amaz'd, they cried,
"This is the Finger of Almighty God."

AIR.

Vain your triumph, idle Mortals!
To pretend a new Creation,
Form'd by Art, and human Pow'r.
He alone, who guides our Nation,
Life can give, or Life reſtore.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

David. Yet *Pharaoh*, ſtill exalted his proud Heart
Againſt *Jehovah*, and againſt his People.
Rekindled therefore was Almighty Wrath.

CHORUS.

He gave them Hailſtones for Rain:
Fire mingled with Hail
Ran along the Ground.

End of the Firſt Part.

ISRAEL in EGYPT.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

David. *Pharaoh*, now pierc'd with deep Contrition, said
To *Moſes*, " 'Tis enough: intreat the Lord,
" That there may be no more ſuch mighty Thund'rings
" Or Storms of Hail; and *Iſrael* ſhall go.—
Moſes then left the City, glad of Heart,
And ſpread abroad his Hands unto the Lord.

AIR.

The Elements all conſpiring,
Clouds with their Show'rs retiring;
Univerſal Joy and Splendor,
Brighten from Pole to Pole.
Loud was the roaring Wind,
Thunders were ſent abroad,
(The awful voice of God;)
'Till by his Voice confin'd
They ceaſed to roll.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Aſaph. When *Pharaoh* ſaw the pleaſing Calm reſtor'd,
He ſinn'd yet more, and harden'd his proud Heart;
He and his Servants; therefore the Almighty
Again made bare his 'vengeful Arm.

CHORUS.

He ſent a thick Darkneſs over all the Land,
Even Darkneſs that might be felt.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Zech. 'The Huſbandman ſtands rooted in the Field,
'His Charge neglected, and the Glebe untill'd;
'The Shepherd, heedleſs of his wooly Care,
'Sits down aghaſt, and petrifies with Fear:
'Their Giant Limbs no more the Lab'rers Boaſt,
'Their ſinewy nerves unſtrung, their Vigour loſt.
'Vain Exorciſts now feel their Pow'r confin'd,
'Chain'd with the Fetters of a guilty Mind.
Three Days thus o'er the *Egyptians* Midnight ſpread
An Image of the Horrors of the Dead.

AIR.

Sad Horrors assailing;
No Slumbers availing:
With Phantoms around them,
And Sights that confound them,
And heighten Despair.
While Light silver-streaming,
On *Goshen* still beaming,
With Splendor delights them;
And Heaven thus excites them,
To Glory in his Care. *D. C.*

RECITATIVE.

Benaiah. Thrice happy *Israel* in the Light of God!
Well may'st thou now take up thy Song and say;

ACCOMPANIED.

" Hail, holy Light; Offspring of Heav'n first born!
Or hearst thou rather pure Ethereal Stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns, thou wert; and at the Voice
Of God, as with a Mantle, didst invest
The rising World of Waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite.

AIR.

AIR.

" When the Sun, o'er yonder Hills,
Pours in Tides the Golden Day;
Or, when quivering o'er the Rills,
In the Weſt he dies away.
He ſhall ever hear me ſing
Praiſes to th' Eternal King.

RECITATIVE.

David. But ſoon as *Pharaoh* re-enjoy'd this Bleſſing,
He, and his People ſcorned to fear the Lord,
And *Iſrael* indulge in their Requeſt:
Therefore the Lord again diſplay'd his Wrath.

CHORUS.

He ſmote all the Firſt-born of *Egypt*,
The Chief of all their Strength;
But as for his People, he led them forth like Sheep:
He brought them out with Silver and Gold:
There was not one feeble Perſon among their Tribe.

RECITATIVE.

Matt. Hence *Iſrael* rejoic'd; their Hope confirm'd
Of ſure Deliverance from their ſervile State.

AIR.

AIR.

Hope, a pure and lasting Treasure,
Pouring in it's balmy Pleasure,
Sooths the bitter Pangs of Woe;
Hope, to trust in Heav'n inviting,
Now with Peaceful Views delighting,
Clears the gloomy Storms below.

RECITATIVE.

Thus with a mighty Hand, and stretch'd-out Arm,
The Lord made known his Goodness unto *Israel.*

CHORUS.

He rebuked the Red-Sea, and it was dried up;
He led them through the Deep as through a Wilderness:
But the Waters overwhelm'd their Enemies,
There was not one of them left.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Asaph. 'Thus God, still present in his Angel, goes
'Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire;
'By Day a Cloud, by Night a Pillar of Fire;
'To guide them in their Journey; and removes
'Behind them, while th' obdurate King pursues;
'*Pharaoh* all Night pursues; but his Approach
'Darkness defends between, till Morning Watch:

'Then

‹ Then, through the fiery Pillar and the Cloud,"
God, looking forth, confounded all his Hoſt,
And crazed their Chariot Wheels: when by Command,
Moſes once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys:
On their embattled Ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm their War.---

AIR.

Wave from Wave congeal'd with Wonder,
Stood, a Cryſtal Wall, aſunder;
But rejoin'd at his dread Thunder,
Whoſe right Hand their Strength control'd.
Jordan's foamy Streams complying,
From th'Almighty's Preſence flying,
Nature's conſtant Laws denying,
To their murmuring Fountain roll'd.

CHORUS.

And *Iſrael* ſaw that great Work,
That the Lord did upon the *Egyptians*,
And the People feared the Lord,
And believed the Lord, and his Servant *Moſes*.

End of the Second Part.

ISRAEL in EGYPT.

PART III.

CHORUS. ANTHEM.

MOSES and the Children of *Iſrael*
Sung this Song unto the Lord, and ſpake, ſaying,
I will ſing unto the Lord;
For he hath triumphed glorioufly.
The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

DUET.

The Lord is my Strength and my Song;
He is become my Salvation.

CHORUS.

He is my God, and I will prepare him
An Habitation; my Father's God,
And I will exalt him.

DUET.

The Lord is a Man of War;
The *Lord* is his Name.
Pharaoh's Chariots, and his Hoſt,
Has he caſt into the Sea.
His choſen Captains alſo
Are drowned in the Red-Sea.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The Depths have cover'd them;
They ſank into the Bottom as a Stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right Hand, O Lord,
Is become glorious in Power:
Thy right Hand, O Lord,
Hath daſhed in Pieces the Enemy:
And in the Greatneſs of thine Excellency,
Thou haſt overthrown them
That roſe up againſt thee.

AIR.

Dav. The Enemy ſaid, I will purſue,
I will o'ertake, I will divide the Spoil:
My Luſt ſhall be ſatisfied upon them:
I will draw my Sword;
My Hand ſhall deſtroy them.

AIR.

Thou didſt blow with thy Wind;
The Sea cover'd them;
They ſank as Lead in the mighty Waters.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the Gods?
Who is like thee, glorious in Holineſs,
Fearful in Praiſes, doing Wonders?

AIR.

AIR.

Zech. Thou ſhalt bring them in, and plant them
In the Mountain of thine Inheritance.
In the Place, O Lord, which thou
Haſte made for thee to dwell in;
In the Sanctuary, O Lord,
Which thy Hands have eſtabliſhed.

GRAND CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.

Mat. Thus *Moſes* ſung; and *Miriam*, the Propheteſs,
The Siſter of *Aaron*, took a Timbrel in her Hand;
And all the Women went out after her,
With Timbrels and Dances; and *Miriam* anſwer'd them;

AIR and CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord;
For he hath triumphed glorioufly:
The Horſe and his Rider
Hath he thrown into the Sea.

FINIS.

ISRAEL in EGYPT,

AN

ORATORIO,

OR

SACRED DRAMA:

As it is Performed at the

Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden.*

The Chorus's entire, and the Songs from other the Works of the late GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, Esq;

LONDON:

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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAVID, King of *Israel.*

ZECHARIAH,
BENAIAH,
MATTATHIAH,
} Levites, 1 Chron. xvi. 4.

ASAPH, *the Chief.*

Chorus of Israelites.

Ps. 105.

ISRAEL in EGYPT,

AN

ORATORIO

PART I.

ANTHEM.

THE Lord hath given Strength unto his People;
The Lord hath given his People the Bleſſing of Peace.

RECITATIVE.

David. Know then, my *Aſaph*, that this ſolemn Day
We dedicate to Joy, and Gratitude:
While we rehearſe the wond'rous Works of God,

In Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, display'd; to give
Deliverance to the Sons of *Israel*,
From cruel Bondage, and the Iron Rod
Of most severe Oppression.

AIR.

O, sing ye Praises——to great Jehovah:
His Pow'r among the Nations,
And wond'rous Works proclaim.

O, bless the Lord,——the Lord Jehovah:
With grateful Acclamations
Extol his holy Name.

RECITATIVE.

Asaph. Lo! Sire, the Sons of Music all attend,
With zealous Ardour to obey your Will,
And pay their Tribute to the list'ning Skies.

AIR.

Great Jehovah, All adoring,
And his saving Strength imploring,
In his holy Name rejoice.
To record the wond'rous Story,
And preserve their Father's Glory,
All unite with Heart and Voice.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

David. Now there aroſe a new King over *Egypt*,
Who knew not *Joſeph*; and He ſet over *Iſrael*
Taſkmaſters, to afflict them with Burthens;
And they made them ſerve with Rigour.

CHORUS.

And the Children of Iſrael *ſighed,*
By reaſon of the Bondage;
And their Cry came up unto God.

RECITATIVE.

Then ſent he *Moſes* his Servant,
And *Aaron*, whom he had choſen.
Theſe ſhew'd his Signs among them,
And Wonders in the Land of *Ham.*

CHORUS.

He turned their Waters into Blood.
They loathed to drink of the River.

RECITATIVE.

Zecha. This the *Egyptians* did, or ſeem'd to do,
With their Inchantments; therefore *Pharaoh*'s Heart

Again was harden'd, and, in ſeven Days
Relentleſs ſtill, call'd down another Plague
From the Almighty Hand of Heav'n.

AIR.

The Land brought forth Frogs,
Yea, even in the King's Chambers.
He gave their Cattle to the Peſtilence.
Botches and Blains brake forth on Man and Beaſt.

RECITATIVE.

Ben. Nor the Magicians with their Art profound,
Cou'd ſave themſelves from this dire Peſtilence,
That gnaw'd their Fleſh, and rankled to the Bone.

AIR.

All human Pow'r now failing
No Herb, or Flower, availing:
Art is to their Confuſion
Found but a mere Deluſion;
Quell'd by Almighty Pow'r,
Magic can aid no more.
No Herb, no Flow'r, can now aſſuage their Grief,
Or bring Relief,
Where Heav'n inflicts a Pain.
No Hand but the Almighty Pow'r above,
Befriending with his Love,
Who gave, can heal the Blain. D. C.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Dav. The Plague now ceas'd, and *Pharoah*'s ſtubborn Heart
Again rebell'd; again provok'd the Lord.

CHORUS.

He ſpake the Word, and there came
All manner of Flies, and Lice in all their Quarters.
He ſpake, and the Locuſts came without Number,
And devoured the Fruits of the Ground.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Matt. This new Creation baffled all the Art
Of wily Magie; all amaz'd they cried,
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Vain your Triumph! Idle Mortals!
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Form'd by Art, and human Pow'r.
He alone, who guides our Nation,
Life can give, or Life reſtore.

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With Phantoms around them.
And Sights that confound them,
And heighten Deſpair.
While Light ſilver-ſtreaming,
On Goſhen *ſtill beaming,*
With Splendor delights them;
And Heav'n thus excites them,
To glory in his Care. D. C.

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Well mayſt thou now take up thy Song, and ſay;

Accompanied.

“ Hail holy Light, Offspring of Heav'n, firſt born!
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure Etherial Stream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? Before the Sun,

Before the Heav'ns thou wert; and at the Voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing World of Waters dark and deep
Won from the Void, and formleſs Infinite.

AIR.

" *When the Sun o'er yonder Hills,*
Pours in Tides the golden Day;
Or, when quivering o'er the Rills,
In the Weſt he dies away.
He ſhall ever hear me ſing
Praiſes to th' eternal King.

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David. But ſoon as *Pharaoh* re-enjoy'd this Bleſſing,
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And *Iſraël* indulge in their Requeſt:
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'To

'To guide them in their Journey; and remove
'Behind them, while th' obdurate King persues.
'*Pharaoh* all Night persues; but his Approach
'Darkness defends between, till Morning Watch:
'Then through the fiery Pillar, and the Cloud,"
God looking forth, confounded all his Host,
And crazed their Chariot Wheels: when by command,
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys:
On their imbattel'd Ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm their War.——

AIR.

Wave from Wave, congeal'd with Wonder,
Stood, a crystal Wall, asunder;
But rejoin'd, at his dread Thunder,
Whose right Hand their Strength controll'd.
Jordan's *foamy Streams complying,*
From th' Almighty's Presence flying,
Nature's constant Laws denying,
To their murmuring Fountain roll'd.

CHORUS.

And Israel *saw that great Work,*
That the Lord did upon th' Egyptians,
And the People feared the Lord,
And believed the Lord, and his Servant Moses.

End of the Second Part.

PART

ISRAEL in EGYPT,

AN

ORATORIO.

PART III.

CHORUS. ANTHEM.

Moſes, *and the Children of* Iſrael,
Sung this Song unto the Lord, and ſpake, ſaying,
I will ſing unto the Lord;
For he hath triumphed glorioufly.
The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

DUET.

The Lord is my Strength, and my Song;
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An Habitation; my Father's God,
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The Lord is a Man of War;
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Pharaoh's *Chariots, and his Hoſt*
Has he caſt into the Sea.
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The Depths have cover'd them;
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I will o'ertake, I will divide the Spoil:
My Lust shall be satisfied upon them:
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Who is like Thee, glorious in Holiness,
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In the Mountain of thine Inheritance.
In the Place, O Lord, which Thou
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In the Sanctuary, O Lord,
Which thy Hands have established.

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The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

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The Horſe and his Rider
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FINIS.

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